A WINTER IN SOUTH AFRICA

F. B. MEYER

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A LOVEDALE GROUP.

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BY

F. B. MEYER, B.A.

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THIS MEMENTO

OF OUR NEVER-TO-BE-FORGOTTEN

MISSION IS

DEDICATED WITH MUCH AFFECTION

TO THE GREAT HOST

AT HOME

WHO NEVER CEASED TO HOLD THE ROPES

AND

TO THE OTHER GREAT HOST

IN AFRICA

WHOSE WELCOME WAS AS WARM AS

ITS GLORIOUS SUNSHINE

CONTENTS

	PAGE
THE VOYAGE OUT	1
CAPE TOWN	10
KIMBERLEY	29
BLOEMFONTEIN	47
JOHANNESBURG	67
PRETORIA	85
LADYSMITH	104
PIETERMARITZBURG	113
THE IFAFA CONVENTION	131
DURBAN	144
EAST LONDON	154
A GROUP OF MISSIONS	169
LOVEDALE	187
THE MURRAY FAMILY	207
A GREAT MORAL VICTORY	229
THE VOYAGE HOME, AND FINAL IMPRESSIONS	240

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

A LOVEDALE GROUP . . . . *Frontispiece*

TO FACE PAGE

BREAD-MAKING IN THE CHINESE COMPOUND . 42

IN THE BULTFONTEIN COMPOUND, KIMBERLEY . . 42

TYPICAL BOER FAMILY 47

GENERAL VIEW OF JOHANNESBURG . . . 67

EXECUTIVE OF THE WITWATERSRAND CHURCH COUNCIL, JUNE 15, 1908 72

A CHINESE MONTE CARLO, AS IT USED TO BE . . 82

A BOER FAMILY TREKKING . . . 86

A KAFFIR VILLAGE 110

KAFFIR KRAALS AND NATIVES . . . 124

DURBAN CHRISTIAN MINISTERS' ASSOCIATION . . 146

TOWN HALL, PORT ELIZABETH . . . 174

ALICE, CAPE COLONY 187

MAIN BUILDING AND PRINCIPAL'S HOUSE, LOVEDALE . 192

GIRLS' SCHOOL, LOVEDALE 192

DR. ANDREW MURRAY 207

A MEMENTO OF THE WORCESTER MEETINGS . . 216

THE HUGUENOT COLLEGE, WELLINGTON . . 222

CHAPTER I

THE VOYAGE OUT

WE left on Saturday, April 4th. My wife and I embarked on the *Walmer Castle* at Southampton. Our friends, the Rev. Thomas Law, Mr. Maynard, one of the directors of the Castle Line, and Mr. G. E. Morgan, had come down from London to see us off; and, to my great pleasure, Mr. and Mrs. Carey Bonner, as representing the Sunday School Union, managed to meet us on the landing-stage; a little group of friends had waved their farewells at Waterloo, and a vast crowd of well-wishers gathered under the commanding walls of the ship to give expression to the sympathy and fellowship with which hosts of British Christians committed us to the work we had undertaken.

Lord and Lady Methuen, who were travelling by the same boat, were accompanied by a military escort, the band of which played

enlivening music; and amid all these signs of public interest the ship left her moorings, and majestically moved out to the Southampton Water. It is unnecessary to describe the splendid equipment and appointments of the Castle Line. The cabins are so comfortable, passages and corridors so spacious and well ventilated, the meals are so superbly cooked and served, the captains, officers, and crews are so obliging, that it is impossible to desire a more effective way of obtaining rest, and making swift progress across the ocean, than to embark in this fine line of steam-ships. It is my good fortune to be immune from sea-sickness, and I am always able to get through a considerable amount of reading and writing during the voyages, of which I have necessarily undertaken a considerable number. One also manages to spend a large amount of time in sleep, which probably does more than anything else to recuperate the brain. Besides this, it is the etiquette of ship-board that all passengers are at liberty to speak freely to each other, without introduction or ceremony; and in a fortnight it is possible to become as well acquainted with the people you meet as though you had known them for years. A little boy asked his mother, after visiting the cemetery, where all the *bad* people were buried, and one is disposed to ask

by what line of steamers the disagreeable people sail.

Amongst the most interesting incidents of my life have been the conversations I have enjoyed with persons in whose company I have been thrown in the dining-saloons, or on the decks of ocean-going steamers. The boundless expanse of sea and sky, the fresh air, the relief from the ordinary routine of daily life, combine to suggest topics of conversation which in many cases are removed from the ordinary levels, and touch the deepest springs of human existence. Theology, philosophy, experiences of travel, biographical and family incidents, discussions as to political and social questions, form the staple of friendly intercourse, as you pace out your miles on deck, or sit in your deck-chair, discussing your beef-tea at eleven, or your afternoon tea at four.

We found our distinguished fellow-travellers extremely agreeable, and subsequent experiences in South Africa proved that we were to be favoured with something more than a passing acquaintanceship which was to terminate with the voyage. Lord Methuen and I struck oil at once, by a common interest in Boys' Brigades, and from this we passed by easy transitions to the many topics on which he, as a man of high Christian principle and wide experience, could

speak with authority. It was very pleasant to find him amongst my audience when I conducted the services in the saloon on Good Friday, in the second-class saloon on Sunday night, and in the great open-air service on the last Sunday night of the voyage.

The Sunday morning service is always conducted by the captain himself; and it is a remarkable feature in life on board ship when the captain, standing at the head of the long saloon table, on which a cushion covered by the Union Jack has been placed for Bible and Prayer Book, reads the liturgical form of Morning Prayer. I should think that such a spectacle is to be witnessed only on our British ocean-going ships. It is also a matter for great thankfulness to see young Englishmen pouring down from smoking-room and deck to take part in that great and noble form of prayer. There are four or five hymns which are always sung—"Jesu, lover of my soul," "Nearer, my God, to Thee," "Hark, my soul, it is the Lord," "Hark, hark, my soul"; but sea-faring men will never be found to sing "Eternal Father, strong to save"—this, for some reason which I cannot divine, is not popular at sea. Of course, the captain does not preach, and therefore, when any minister of religion is willing to undertake that duty, an opportunity is given in the even-

ing, in either of the saloons or on deck. A service held at night is very impressive. The preacher stands in the well, around him are the third-class passengers, stewards, and sailors, over him, leaning against the railing, are the second- and first-class, above are the silent stars, and for organ the deep tones of the ocean.

An interesting acquaintance sprang up between myself and two Boers, who had taken a leading part in the war, and are now members of the Orange River Colony Legislature. One of these gentlemen had been taken prisoner and transported to India. Whilst serving his term there as a prisoner of war, in some trifling particular he infringed the rules of the camp, and for this offence was sentenced to three days and nights in the cells. Whilst undergoing this sentence, he came across my book on *Moses*, which had been left there by some strange chance. This he read from end to end, and became so enthused with the character of the great Lawgiver, that, on completing his sentence, he started a Bible-class for his fellow-prisoners. For three months they studied this great life, using my *brochure* as their text-book. He was, of course, immensely interested when he discovered that we were to travel by the same boat, and we used to walk up and down the

deck discussing the war and the plans which he was proposing for increasing the prosperity of the farming industry. I had the pleasure of introducing him and his friend to Lord Methuen, and it was extremely pleasant to watch them discussing the details of the campaign from their different standpoints. When we reached Bloemfontein this friend did us the honour of inviting us to his hospitable home, and his wife provided, at our own request, a dinner cooked in the approved Boer fashion. It was then that we first saw or tasted *bil-tong*, the strips of dried meat which the Boers carried in their long marches, and upon which they are able to sustain life for long periods. We brought some of this home with us, and I can well understand how it became a favourite diet with Tommy Atkins when he could get hold of it. It certainly is a vast improvement on the preserved and tinned food upon which our men often fare.

At Madeira the ship put in for some four hours, and we were most kindly welcomed to breakfast by three Christian ladies who formerly were members of Dr. Whyte's congregation in Edinburgh. We were introduced to them by the Rev. A. D. Pattison, the Presbyterian minister, and greatly enjoyed the welcome of their charming villa, perched

on the hillside, surrounded by its pretty garden, with a lovely view of the bay and ocean. We found time also to visit Bishop Hartzel's Mission, under the care of the Rev. W. G. Smart. The bay is full of life, and the steamer is soon surrounded by a flotilla of boats containing the purveyors of various wares and almost naked boys waiting to dive for money.

The voyage passed without any noticeable incidents. The weather was calm and still, the sea of a rich ultramarine blue, the sky almost unflecked by cloud. I was busy arranging my addresses, getting in advance of my contributions to the Press, and in other ways preparing for the great efforts which lay before me. The most important item in that preparation was myself. At such times one is driven back on one's self to question one's motive, to take stock of one's apparatus, and, above all, to come in touch with those eternal forces which lie within our reach in the spiritual sphere, as the natural forces await us in the physical.

The chief object of my visit to South Africa was to make the tour of the Church Councils in that country, strengthening, advising, and helping them to realise more completely their great possibilities. This movement, which, emanating from the Homeland, endeavours

to co-ordinate the Churches of a given area or town on all matters of common concern, has already spread through the principal cities of our colonies; but, from time to time, as will be readily understood, the leaders of the movement abroad hail the advent of a representative of the Home Council. The experience gained by contact with public questions in Great Britain serves as an apprenticeship to the wider work of advising with the Councils in other lands. It was my primary desire, therefore, to do my utmost for the quickening of the Church Councils and the strengthening of the ties between the Churches at Home and those of the sub-continent.

But in addition, the position of President of the World's Sunday School Association, accorded to me at Rome in 1907, made me desirous of inquiring into the conditions under which Sunday School work was being carried on, and to confer with the officers and teachers of the various centres. Naturally, also, I was interested in many other allied Christian agencies, and hoped that my mission would give an impulse to work among students, young men, young women, Christian Endeavourers, and similar agencies. My ideal was to act as a kind of Christian Commissioner, inquiring into the forces that were

making for righteousness, and placing myself at the service of any who might care to avail themselves of my help.

Deeper than all this was the ardent desire to serve whatever purposes the Divine Master might set me to. He is always going forth on His redemptive mission, and the highest ambition for any of His servants is to be permitted to accompany Him, and to be ready to His hand for any ministry which a human agent may be needed to fulfil.

CHAPTER II

CAPE TOWN

ON his return from his first memorable voyage, Sir Francis Drake described Table Mountain as "the most stately thing and fairest Cape" that he had seen "in the whole circumference of the world." It is surpassingly beautiful, especially when the warm light of the westering sun strikes on the mighty cliffs, towering above the town to some 3,500 feet. They are so huge that the eye hardly realises at first their height. But they are further away than they seem, and grow in proportion as they are approached. The immediate top of Table Mountain, so called from the flatness of its level summit, makes a straight sky-line of more than two miles; and on either side are the Devil's Peak to the left and the Lion's Head to the right, standing slightly in advance of Table Mountain, and making with it a solid

wall twelve miles in length from end to end. In the horseshoe thus formed lies the town, climbing upwards to the Kloof, and reaching beyond the limits of the semicircle to beautiful suburbs. On the right are Sea Point and Three Anchor Bay, where the great breakers ceaselessly boom on the beach; and on the left Rondebosch, Claremont, and Wynberg, embowered in foliage, and stretching in the direction of the far-extending and fertile alluvial plain. "Beautiful for situation," the joy of all beholders!

The harbour is already magnificent, and when present operations are completed will be unrivalled. As the steamer enters or leaves the mighty sweep of the Bay, one's fancy conjures up the long succession of voyagers, and the infinite variety of craft, that have sheltered beneath that glorious mountain-wall, seamed with the torrents and scarred by the storms of uncounted millenniums. The flotilla of old Egyptians, mentioned by Herodotus, startled to discover that the sun had suddenly commenced to rise on their right hand; Tyrian vessels chartered by Solomon; Portuguese ships that dared not lose sight of the land; stately East Indiamen; three-decked British men-of-war; and now these swift, elegantly appointed ocean-steamers—all have found shelter in this

noble Bay, rivalling the Bay of Naples for beauty, and excelling it for safety.

The city is well laid out, the main streets stretching from the mountain to the ocean, and intersected at right angles by narrower ones; and everywhere are electric lights and electric cars. Nothing could exceed in elegance and comfort the *Mount Nelson Hotel*, where we were entertained at the expense of one of the leading citizens, or the interiors of the pretty homes, for the most part one-storied, with spacious verandas or stoeps. But one is less attracted by the up-to-dateness of the present than by the fascination of the vanishing past. Many of the old buildings, as they peer out from their modern environment, record in stone and brick the history of 250 years.

From the landing-stage we drive up the main street, in which the principal public buildings are situated, and from every side the past looks out on us. Here, on the left is the Dutch Reformed Church, the largest place of worship in the Colony, part of it dating back to 1699. From the end of this noble street, once lined by pine-trees and known as "the gentleman's walk," an avenue of oaks, three-quarters of a mile long, leads us past the Parliament House and the Governor's residence, the Museum and the Botanic Gardens, to our

hotel. This oak avenue was planted two hundred years ago, and affords, in the hottest weather, a complete canopy from the sun. The trees were already largely despoiled of their foliage when we arrived, for it was the beginning of the South African winter; but it was a perpetual benediction to walk up from the town in that delightful shadow when the temperature was 80° in the shade.

In the Museum is the marble cross, erected in 1485 by Bartholomew Diaz, as the best way of annexing South Africa to the crown of Portugal. The old castle, still used for military purposes, was erected in 1666 by the Dutch East India Company, "as the frontier fortress of India." "Van Riebech" Square recalls the name of the first Dutch Governor in 1651; and the old building there, now used as a native church, was originally the slave-market. Rondebosch, so called from the grove of thorn-trees which clustered there, was the spot where the old burghers raised the first crops for the supply of the Dutch crews trading between Europe and India. The fine buildings recently erected as the headquarters of the Dutch Reformed Church commemorate the noble Huguenots who, expelled from France, came here for liberty of conscience, and added a rich strain of Protestant blood to the Dutch

nature; whilst Groote Schur, the residence of the late Cecil Rhodes, recalls the characteristic features of the old Dutch architecture, as the Huguenot Memorial of the old French. Many a glimpse of old-world mansions and gardens awakens you from your modernism; and it is strange that while streets and shops are aglow with the glamour of our modern world, and flash with the faces of many nationalities—British, Dutch, Malay, Greek, Jew, coloured, and native—yet when artistic beauty is concerned, there is nothing to be preferred to the style brought from Amsterdam when the Stuarts were reigning on the throne of England.

It was when we had landed, and I had been most kindly greeted—first by a deputation on the boat, and then at a crowded meeting on the first evening in the Oak Room of the Young Men's Christian Association, under the presidency of the Mayor, at which nearly all the ministers of the city and their leading officials were present—that I realised the full magnitude of my mission. So much was expected of me; such memories hung in the air of the many converts which had accrued from the labours of my friend Gipsy Smith; the need of revival was so urgent; the situation bristled with such enormous difficulties; the problems

were so acute! With the Apostle I cried, "Who is sufficient for these things?" The sense of my natural limitations pressed heavily on me. I knew that I had but five barley loaves and two very small fishes; and what were these?

Under such circumstances two things had to be done. First, I must clearly understand my commission. So far as I could certainly comprehend, it was not primarily evangelistic, in the ordinary acceptation of that term, but evangelical. I was sent less to the masses and more especially to the Churches; less to arouse the careless and indifferent, and more to show Christians the greatness of their inheritance and the mighty forces lying ready to their hand. I was to act as a strong Elder Brother, visiting each branch of work so far as possible, the friend of all, advising, comforting, encouraging, co-ordinating, and quickening; so that if I could not reach the vast outside crowds, I might at least help those who were doing so to more of the prophet's vision and the child's faith. As a matter of fact, my work afterwards came to combine both aspects of Christian service. Beyond all that I asked or thought, opportunities were given me, as this book will show, to win as much as upbuild, to reclaim straying sheep as well as supply refresh-

ment to the shepherds of the Delectable Mountains.

The next thing was to repair to the Source of all strength; and rich encouragements were furnished to my heart through Scripture.

I have often felt that, among other purposes, the Scriptures were given that they might be a convenient code between the human mind and the Eternal, so that our spirits might be able to spell out through the letter of Scripture those cablegrams which speak to us from the world whence we have come. I saw that I might count on the presence of the Angel-Guide, always in front preparing the way, always at hand keeping guard.[1] The assurance was borne in that every place on which my foot should tread would be given me; and that if I turned neither right nor left I should have good success whithersoever I went.[2] There was granted also a vision of my great Ally, who was leading His own host of warriors to the field; and with these I was called to be in partnership.[3] There was the consciousness also that, before ever I was sent forth, there had been a careful counting of the cost, and that the Almighty Captain had come to the conclusion that even with such meagre

[1] Exod. xxiii. 20, &c. [2] Joshua i. 1–9.
[3] Joshua v. 13–15, and 1 Cor. i. 8.

help as I could render, He was well able to win the fight.[1]

Throughout this tour it has been increasingly impressed on me that we are not primarily agents, but assistants. A remark made to me by Hudson Taylor, years ago, has been a constant inspiration to me: "When I was quite a youth, God said to me, 'Hudson Taylor, *I* am going to evangelise Inland China, and if you like to walk with Me, I'll do it through you.'" Yes, it is not *our* work, but *His*. We are fellow-workers with the Eternal Workman. It is less necessary to ask Him to help us, than to ask that He would permit us to help Him. Christ is ever going forth to put down all rule, authority, and power. Still, as of old, He requires the help of men and women who shall roll away stones, unwind the cerements of death, and precede Him into every place whither He shall Himself come. Well as it is to say, "Good Master, what wouldst Thou have me to do?" it is even better to say, "What art *Thou* doing, may I help Thee so far as I can!" Life, in all its departments, should mean our human co-operation with the Redemptive Ministry of the Christ. It is at His command to open, that gates of opportunity roll back on their

[1] Luke xiv. 31.

hinges, and the soul finds itself admitted to "a large room."

In the first hour of my arrival I saw that there were four great classes to whom I must specially address myself: the *Dutch*, with their strong race traditions and their tenacious veneration for their Church, their homes, and their Puritan ancestry; the young *Britishers*, who are scattered throughout the sub-continent, and in considerable danger of drifting; the new generation of *boys and girls*, to whom I had a special commission as President of the World's Sunday School Association; and the *coloured and native populations*, the former term denoting the mixture of the white and black races, while the latter denotes the pure-blooded descendants of the original inhabitants of this land.

It would be irksome to my readers if I were to detail the list of engagements that filled my days almost without intermission. The plan, on the whole, was invariably the same. Directly after breakfast I would visit high schools and colleges to conduct the opening religious exercises. In this way I was able to address tens of thousands of young people. In the dinner-hour, for five days in the week, I held meetings for men only, in which it was possible to deal with questions

of purity, respect to womanhood of whatever class and colour, and similar subjects that would have been out of place in a mixed religious assembly. In the afternoon a Bible-reading, principally devoted, with the help of the blackboard, to an exposition of Paul's philosophy of the inner life; and this was followed by an over-tea conference.

These conferences were among the most important and interesting items in the programme. After the Bible-reading was over we adjourned to an adjoining hall, generally decorated with flowers, where we cultivated the social graces, chatting freely and becoming acquainted with each other. Tea and light refreshments were handed round by young ladies and gentlemen, recruited from the several Churches; and after a quarter of an hour had passed in this way I introduced the conference by asking leading questions of various persons, who had been specially invited, as representing various aspects of the subject for the day. The Work of the Evangelical Church Council generally occupied the first day; Women's Work for Women the second; next Temperance and Public Morals; then our Sunday Schools; then the Young Men's Christian Association, Christian Endeavour Societies (English and Dutch), and Wesley Guilds; lastly, Missions

among Natives. In this way one was able to survey the entire field of Christian and philanthropic operations in a given area. Sometimes it was possible to detect a weak spot and give encouragement and advice. But in all cases workers were brought into closer touch with each other; and surprise was continually expressed to me that there were so many agencies afoot working too often without that co-ordination and common understanding which seem to me one of the most urgent needs of the Churches in South Africa, and one which could easily be met by an enlargement of the sphere of the Church Councils.

At the close of the afternoon meetings we hurried home for the usual evening meal, known as *supper*, and returned for the great closing meeting of the day. This was generally held in the largest church of the city; but very often in the Town Hall, or some other spacious building, as the Feather Market of Port Elizabeth. The choir, supplied from all the choirs of the town, would sing while the audience was gathering, and the service itself would last for about an hour and ten minutes, followed by an after-meeting of about twenty minutes in duration. This ended, almost always, with one of my favourite

hymns, and which will, probably to many, always recall these memorable gatherings—"The day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended." Then home; a biscuit, and to bed. Such was the usual programme, except the four or five days and nights we spent in the train.

It may seem that this was too severe a programme, but I could devise no other if I were to reach all classes of the community, and there was the endless interest of touching the human soul at all points. Besides, one was always getting glimpses of humour, especially at the tea-table conferences, as once, when I was inquiring into the various branches of woman's work in a certain town, I discovered that there were twenty-three departments divided among the twenty-one ladies who were members of the Society!—a subdivision of labour which interested me immensely.

In addition to these meetings, I spent one morning of my visit with the ministers of all denominations. Generally on the Saturday afternoon I spoke to the massed Sunday Schools. For this I obtained a model of the seven-branched candlestick, to illustrate the sevenfold graces of the Christian life; a length of string and rope of various sizes, to illustrate the growth of habit; and a wooden board into

which I drove nails to show that though we may conquer evil things in character and life, we can never eradicate the scars. With the help of these objects I had little difficulty in sustaining the interest of my audiences; and it was very pleasant to be saluted as an old friend when I met the youngsters in the streets. Perhaps they liked me better because I had "no morals" and left the Spirit of Christ and the child's quick conscience to bring home the truth.

The Sunday afternoons were generally devoted to mass meetings for men, and I am thankful to learn that in three cities at least —Kimberley, Bloemfontein, and Durban— Men's Brotherhoods are still perpetuating the outcome of these gatherings, which were generally most impressive.

After deliberate consideration it appears as a rule wiser not to enumerate the names of those who entertained us, or contributed to the enjoyment or usefulness of the tour. The list would be so long that, for each place, it would rival the last chapter of Paul's Epistle to the Romans; and I should perhaps, unintentionally omit some who had quietly and unobtrusively wrought their best. They pass before me as I write—ministers of all denominations and their wives, hosts and hostesses in

whose homes we stayed for the eight or ten days that a Mission lasted, young men and maidens, dear boys and girls who would write to me or greet me in the streets, old and young, mayors and officials, officers of Church Councils and committee-men, stewards, organists, choir-leaders and choirs, men and women, white and black, the European and the blanket-Kaffir —God bless and reward them all!

This preliminary Mission at Cape Town formed an interesting frontispiece for what was to follow. The following incidents stand out in the picture. We arrived on Easter Tuesday and left on the following Wednesday week. I had the honour and pleasure of being welcomed by the Governor and his lady at the old Government House, and having an interesting conversation on the objects of my visit. We were privately entertained at dinner by the Premier and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Merriman. We had a bright little interview with Miss Hobhouse, who was opening a Sale of work made by destitute Boer women. Dr. Anderson, an old friend, who, when a student of Guy's, had attended at Christ Church, took us in his motor for a thirty-two miles run round the peninsula, with its glorious views of ocean, shore, and mountain—one of the finest drives in the world. Mr. Ardens, of Clare-

mont, showed us over his garden, containing a rare collection of the trees and plants of every country. He told me that it excited Lord Selborne's warm admiration.

In the meanwhile the meetings were exciting much interest. The Metropolitan Hall was crowded with the men's noon-services; we had four hundred to five hundred in the afternoon Bible-readings; and great nightly audiences filled the Metropolitan Wesleyan Church to its utmost capacity. Several cases of conversion resulted, as I afterwards learned, from these evening meetings; and we cannot forget that vast audience which packed the Town Hall on Sunday afternoon, half an hour before the advertised hour, and listened in absolute silence as I pleaded the claims of our Master Christ.

From the first the ministers of the Dutch Reformed Church showed me much Christian courtesy. Eleven out of the forty city ministers who greeted me on the second morning were Dutch; and on a subsequent occasion all the Dutch ministers of Cape Town met me in the Consistory. Throughout the tour I was welcomed in Dutch manses, preached in Dutch pulpits, and received much encouragement from the Kirkraade—the deacons' and elders' courts. Many had attended services at Christ Church, most had read my books, and all were

prepared to accept the lead given by the venerable Dr. Andrew Murray, who came from Wellington on purpose to attend the meetings, and took part in prayer and benediction. I can never forget or repay his kindness. On a future page I hope to allude at length to the influence of this saintly man upon his Church. It is enough to say here that, notwithstanding his eighty years, his intellect is as bright and his natural force almost as vigorous as when he visited England fifteen years ago. He is honoured and loved throughout the Church of which he is the recognised father and leader, and beyond. It was of untold help, therefore, that my earliest meetings should receive his endorsement and blessing.

Full soon I received instalments of information bearing on the thorny problems of the time. The license of immorality to which those who should have known better gave reins in a certain district, leading the chiefs to withdraw the women of their tribes as far as possible beyond their reach. . . . The prodigality with which in another district, hardly touched by Europeans, ruthless hunters were destroying the big game (I think one was credited with having shot 350 giraffes). . . . The ravages of strong drink, so that a chief had said that of every hundred men sent into white settlements two-

thirds were killed off with brandy and phthisis, whilst the remainder returned demoralised. . . . A terrible story of the havoc caused by two Maxims turned on a huddled mass of natives, in putting down rebellion. . . . The anxiety of the wine-farmers to dispose of their wares, and the question as to the disposal of the vast stores of brandy acquired by the State as a temporary measure of relief. . . . Throughout every circle repeated allusions to the retrenchments proposed by the Premier, involving hundreds of civil servants and others and their families.

Such were some of the statements made to me, and I realised that it would require the greatest care to avoid taking sides, or accepting any tale without corroborative evidence. I had come out, not as a judge and divider, but to bear witness to eternal and universal truths. It was necessary to keep this purpose clearly defined before me. It was my province to announce the principles of the Gospel, leaving the application in particular cases to the Spirit of Truth and the consciences of my hearers. It was within my province, as a private individual, to hear all that might be communicated to me, to place one statement against another, to endeavour to sift the chaff from the wheat. But as a public teacher I must avoid partisanship, and must take my stand upon those

eternal and fundamental truths of the Gospel which require that we should love our neighbour with a love only second to that which we cherish towards God. This was the practice of the Apostles and the early Church when face to face with the abuses of their age.

Obviously, when one is at home, in one's own country, and conversant from the beginning with questions that are agitating the community, it is obligatory on the Christian teacher to do more than this, and assist the community of which he is part to form a right judgment on particular issues. But the case is totally different when one is an honoured visitor. It is then outside one's province to interfere in domestic difficulties, unless one's interference is directly invoked or special circumstances arise. I had come to the country as a Christian minister, and not as a politician; and though it was not always easy to carry out my determination, I felt it my duty to confine myself to the enunciation of the greatest truths that can engross the heart, and that must work out eventually in righteousness, self-sacrifice, peace on earth and goodwill to men. This was the only way of steering a straight course. They say South Africa is a land of samples, and that the wonder and hope which may be aroused by the firstfruits are not sustained in the bulk.

I am sorry if it is so; but it seems to me a land of contradictions. Every one has his own nostrum for the country's maladies, and nearly every one asserts that it is suffering from a different disease. The only people who are absolutely sure are they who have been there the shortest time. I will set down what I hear, and leave my readers to form their own conclusions.

CHAPTER III

KIMBERLEY

FROM Cape Town to Kimberley the railway track climbs from 15 feet above sea-level to 4,012 feet. It took us thirty-one hours to cover the distance of 650 miles; but the travelling arrangements are extremely comfortable. The corridor carriages are furnished with every convenience; a dining-car is attached to the train; many opportunities are afforded by long delays at the stations and at the loops in the single track, whilst waiting for the down-trains to pass, to obtain exercise and fresh air, and the scenery is indescribably grand. The distinction between the express and the ordinary trains is said to be that in the former the engine-driver does not stop when he sees an uncommon show of beautiful flowers.

During the first day we were favoured with the companionship of Mr. Theo. Schreiner and his niece, *en route* for their home at Matjes-

fontein, and an opportunity was thus afforded me to know something of this remarkable family. The father was a German missionary, and there is a strain of French Huguenot blood on the mother's side, who, I was interested to learn, towards the end of her life derived much comfort from my books. W. P. Schreiner, the brilliant statesman and advocate, was Premier during the war, and is now one of the strongest forces in the Opposition; he has been recently retained to defend Dinizulu. Of Mrs. Stakesby-Lewis, an elder sister, I shall speak on a later page. Mrs. Cronwright (Miss Olive Schreiner) is known to all the world as the brilliant authoress of *The Story of an African Farm*, the dream of a girl in her teens; and my travelling companion has devoted a strenuous life to the defence of the rights of the natives, securing legislation in their favour and spreading among them the Order of True Templary, which I encountered in all parts of South Africa.

The inception of this native Temperance movement dates from 1874, when Good Templary was introduced into the country by John Fox Smith, whom I had the pleasure of meeting at Port Elizabeth. At that time the ravages of strong drink among natives were so excessive as to threaten their extinction in extensive tracks of territory, and the Temperance

party felt constrained to make the most strenuous efforts to gather them within the protection of a strong Total Abstinence organisation. It was deemed impracticable, however, to include the native in the same movement with the European, in consequence of the language difficulty and their unwillingness to be merged in a white man's society, and therefore a new order was agreed upon, to be entitled "The Independent Order of True Templars." The ritual was drawn up by Mr. H. I. Spindler and afterwards revised and re-written by Mrs. Lewis. This Order has had a remarkable history, has spread in all parts of the country, and has sheltered tens of thousands from the disastrous effects of intoxicating liquors. My friends told me that the pledge demands that True Templars should not even assist in the manufacture of intoxicants, and that many have been compelled to leave the wine districts and go elsewhere in search of employment. This has severely tested the strength of their convictions, but in the immense majority of cases the demand has been cheerfully met. On the whole Temperance question I shall have more to say elsewhere, for during the latter part of my tour I was witness of one of the most extraordinary conflicts that I suppose was ever witnessed in South Africa.

There was much else to interest us in that

journey. First our route lay through the beautiful wine country between the Drakenstein Mountains on the right and the Paarl Range on the left. The soil is very rich. In the spring it yields a mass of wild flowers, among the chief of which are our arum-lilies, almost as thick as daisies; but even in its winter dress the country looked green and beautiful. About a hundred miles from Cape Town the railway line begins slowly to climb the apparently insuperable barrier of the Hex River Mountains which form the buttress of the Great Karroo table-land above, but skilful engineering has overcome the difficulty. The track winds round and up the mountain-sides until in thirty-six miles it has climbed 2,400 feet. But what words can describe the magnificence of the scene as one looks down on the valley below, or on the precipitous mountain ranges around?

At the summit the train begins to traverse the Great Karroo, a vast level table-land extending for some five hundred miles. It derives its name from a small bush which covers its surface, and in the driest season affords nourishment to millions of sheep and goats. Even cattle, in lieu of other pasture, will get accustomed to it. It is a waterless land; the water-gullies are almost always dry, and there is an aspect of weird desolation on every side.

All along the line are block-houses and, at frequent intervals, clusters of graves. In some places, where evidently a sharp engagement took place, they are sown very thickly. Here and there a monument has been reared, with a tender inscription to the memory of some young life laid down in its prime. De Aar, the Orange River, and the Modder River, all of which we pass, have graven deep scars in British, Boer, and Colonial homes, which Time may soften but never obliterate. It was pitiful to think of those lonely graves far out on the waste, away from those to whom they were inexpressibly dear.

Let me narrate an incident of the war which took place in this neighbourhood in January, 1900. Two companies of the Suffolks had been ordered to take an eminence in the early dawn, but had been terribly handled, losing four officers and twenty-six men. Under the Red Cross flag the Ambulance asked that the wounded might be handed over to them. The Boers replied that they were seeing to these, with the exception of one who was terribly injured and needed more care than they could give. They pointed out that this man's life was due to the bravery of a young soldier, but for whose attentions he must have bled to death, and asked that he might receive some decoration, as he

richly deserved it. They then gave over the bodies of the dead, and the Ambulance party, fifteen in number, began to dig a trench to receive them. In this rather heavy undertaking the Boers participated. When the bodies had been interred and the burial service read, one of the Boers stepped out from among his companions, who had stood around with bared heads, and expressed in English their regret that men who had no personal hatred should find themselves in arms and engaged in such murderous work. The Boers then asked that they might sing their Dutch burial hymn around the grave, which they did, and there were few dry eyes among the group of Britishers. My informant added, "There never was such a humane war as that in its earlier stages."

On Thursday evening, at 6.30 (April 30th), we reached Kimberley, and were warmly greeted by a great gathering of ministers, officials, members of committee, destined to become warm friends. Thirty-five years ago this spot was the open veldt (veld is grass), where two Dutch farms stood on land which might have been purchased for £50; and now the town and its environs are capable of accommodating 35,000 persons. The first diamond was discovered in 1870—as a plaything in the hand of a child; but since then

the mines have yielded fifteen tons of diamonds, valued at £100,000,000. Huge pits, a quarter-mile in diameter, have been excavated by spadefuls. Near one of them are the rows of shanties in which the first diggers lived, and here, at the beginning of their career, Cecil Rhodes and Beit took the chances with the rest. At first every man was for himself, and the ruinous competition so reduced the price of diamonds as to make it difficult, with the inferior appliances that private enterprise could employ, to obtain a fair return. Mr. Rhodes laid the foundation of his own fortune of £4,000,000, and gave the first proof of his genius, by bringing about an amalgamation of all individual claims in one great company, known as the De Beers, which has only one rival and competitor—the Premier Mine, near Pretoria. This is not included in the De Beers Syndicate, and the agreement between the two companies having expired in March, there is now no common understanding between them for limiting the output and maintaining the price. The market is thus becoming overstocked. They told me that De Beers had £4,000,000 of diamonds on hand, and the workings must be stayed until this immense stock was reduced. When we were in Kimberley the De Beers weekly wage-bill had been reduced

from £34,000 to £8,000, and it is obvious that such a fall involves not only the employees, many of whom have been compelled to leave the town, but the merchants and tradespeople, to say nothing of the diamond-cutters and polishers in Amsterdam, who pass on the craft from father to son. I was informed by one of the Diamond Syndicate, who courteously placed much information at my disposal, that 100,000 persons live out of the various processes through which the diamond passes till it appears in the jewellers' shops. Each stone must have sixty-five facets cut in it before it is considered finished. Diamonds lie thick in the blue mould, and now that the Lemoine scare is over and the American financial panic has passed, there is every reason to anticipate a revival of the demand for the most beautiful of all earth's jewels; and then prosperity will come back to the good people of Kimberley. Amongst all their well-wishers none will be more pleased than I, to whom they never showed the white feather, but always behaved as though they were having the best of times in the best of all possible worlds.

The marks of the siege are still fresh. Our host took us one morning to his store and showed us the track of a shell that had penetrated from roof to cellar; and our hostess

became eloquent in describing the joy with which she welcomed any little gift of vegetables or preserves to vary the diet of soup, horse-flesh, and bread, which her husband obtained each morning from the central depôt. Mr. Oliver, who was mayor during the siege, told me that they had 53,000 persons to provide for during those weary 123 days.

Along one of the main roads, by which I went each day to my meetings, were excavations in which whole families of the townfolk used to spend their days to escape the terrors of the bombardment, thankful indeed when the clock struck the midnight hour on Saturday, as they could count on twenty-four hours of absolute immunity from the rush of the shell or the crackle of the grapnel. All the men were enrolled in one kind of service or another, and some of the ministers were appointed to direct the band of poor whites who were set to the task of road-construction, their work being the condition of their food.

Mr. Rhodes was the subject of many a conversation. The Kimberley people can never forget that strong, virile personality. I jot down some of the things that were told me. . . . The city could never have held out had it not been for his forethought, courage, and kindness. . . . Every morning he might

be seen on his favourite horse, making the round of the city in company with the mayor. . . . He sent from the De Beers gardens bunches of grapes each morning to the ladies who were sheltering in the mines. . . . It was an article of his creed that every man had his price; but if he couldn't secure his object by fair means, and a man stood in his way, the steam-plough would go ruthlessly over him. . . . On one occasion he said hotly to Colonel Kekewich, the commander in the siege, "Do you know that I stand for so many millions?" "But I represent Her Majesty," was the quiet retort. . . . He was always performing acts of generous kindness. A young fellow, made penniless by the war, asked him for £100. Mr. Rhodes at once sat down and wrote out a cheque for that amount. When he was asked what security or promissory note he required, he replied, "I want nothing but your promise to pass on the like amount to the next poor devil you meet." I could never pass the bronze statue erected to his memory without stopping to look at it. He sits on his horse, in the familiar costume he wore, with the map of South Africa stretched out before him on the saddle-pommel, and his finger pointing to Rhodesia. Round the base are bas-reliefs commemorating his memorable interview

with the natives and depicting him as the Leader of the House of Representatives.

In the days of its prosperity I should suppose that Kimberley would have been a hard place for the services which I was holding. Money had been made freely and spent as freely, and extravagance had led to those attendant vices with which we are all familiar. There could have been little keenness of appetite for spiritual things. The spiritual soil must have resembled that of the natural world, which is only twelve inches deep, and where blasting becomes necessary if trees were planted. [My host told me that it had cost £150 before a few trees could be planted in his garden.] But the pressure of commercial retrenchment has altered all that, and as the days passed the meetings in the large Town Hall became crowded to the full, many standing. Twice a day our meetings were held there—for men at noon and at night for citizens generally. The Wesleyan church was placed at our disposal for the afternoon gatherings. These also were full of spiritual power. Before the break came I had passed through great agony of soul. It arose from my having assumed the burden of responsibility on my own shoulders, and having endeavoured to meet the situation from my own standpoint

only. It was necessary for me to learn that, after all, my personality had very little to do with the success of the Mission. I was but the young soldier running beside the Captain as He rode across the field, and holding His stirrup. The government must rest on His shoulder. It was for me to go to the meetings and do my best; it was for Him to make His Word effectual, by co-operating through the Holy Spirit. It was *mine* to blow the trumpet; it was *His* to make the walls of indifference fall down flat. To this attitude I attribute the great blessing which befell us there.

One of the most pleasant episodes of my stay in Kimberley was the help I was able to render the Young Men's Christian Association. Such an institution is an absolute necessity in these South African cities, where the men are so much more numerous than women, and are in the larger number of cases compelled to content themselves with a share in a bedroom, and to get their meals at restaurants, or as best they can. If Young Men's Christian Associations are needed at Home, they are needed ten times more in cities like Kimberley and Johannesburg. A public meeting was called, and was attended by the Mayor, who was a Jew, the Canon of the English Church, and many leading citizens. At the conclusion of my address the five

guarantors of £200 wiped out that liability, more than £50 was raised to liquidate the floating debt, and a large number of promises of monthly donations was handed in. It will be always a pleasure to remember that in this way I served the Association with which one of my Christ Church "boys"—my friend Mr. W. Wilson—was connected as secretary for the few months previous to his lamented death. I visited his grave, where a cross, erected by loving hands, tells that the love of Christ constrained him.

Among other services, I had the pleasure of preaching to the natives in one of the largest compounds, capable of accommodating some two thousand. We were interested to see the various recreations and diversions with which the men who are not at work spend their time. One was beguiling music (!) out of a primitive native instrument, another was working a sewing-machine, others were washing their clothes or mending them, others were preparing native food for sale. The vast compound was filled with motley groups. Barbed iron fences forbid their going freely out into the town. In no other way can they be preserved from the temptations that surround these compounds. Before they were introduced, drunkenness, crime, loss of earnings, loss of life wrought

havoc among the native labourers. On Monday morning the policemen would go about with stretchers to collect the drunken and dead bodies, the result of Saturday and Sunday drinking and consequent fighting. One Monday, I am credibly informed, they picked up twelve dead bodies. Under these circumstances the compound system became an absolute necessity, and the natives are thankful to be protected from drink and loss of money. They support schools, hospitals, Churches, savings banks, and can procure all they require for their daily needs. It was quite amusing to look over those stores and see all the European nick-nacks which are becoming necessaries of life to raw Kaffirs. But how much handsomer the native is in his blanket than in the European dress! He thinks nothing of clothes which are not well patched, and glories in blue patches on a white ground! Arrangements have just been completed which enable a native to transmit his money to his kraal, so as to prevent his being robbed, in a single carouse, of the hard earnings of three or six months. Many services are held weekly by different bodies of Christians, the variety of which must greatly confuse the native mind; but I was told of several instances of men who had come from the far interior, had been converted during their stay in the com-

BREAD-MAKING IN THE CHINESE COMPOUND.

IN THE BULTFONTEIN COMPOUND, KIMBERLEY.

pound, and had carried the Gospel to their distant tribes. A congregation of about three hundred assembled to hear me in the building set apart for religious services. My subject was the yoke of Christ, this being the only metaphor which I could think of as common to them and me. A translator stood on either side of me, and one after another rendered my address into Kaffir and Basutu. I also preached to two other crowded audiences, the one of coloured people, the other of Kaffirs. My heart greatly warmed towards them, and the more so as I came to know something more of the terrible ravages that European vices are making in the locations where they live. Oh, why is evil so much swifter than good, and death than life?

By special permission, we were allowed by the manager of the De Beers Company to visit their extensive diamond-sorting works. We had to obtain a special permit for our coloured coachman to drive us within the enclosure, as most stringent precautions are taken to prevent the natives smuggling out the diamonds which they are constantly handling. The machinery is driven by a magnificent 1,000-horse-power engine. The yellow, and specially the blue, rocks which contain the diamonds are first laid out on the earth for months to be disintegrated

by exposure to the sun, and then crunched into much smaller pieces by mighty crushing machines. In the first process the contents of eighty truck-loads, after passing through that crushing process, are reduced to *one* truck-load, so much of the superincumbent earth having been removed. Fifteen of these, each representing eighty original trucks, are then sent, carefully sealed, to the pulsating process, where they are again reduced by a marvellously ingenious arrangement to a single truck-load, which will be worth from £70 to £80. Three tons of gravel and rock will thus produce about one carat of diamonds. It reminded me of the words, "Many are called, but few chosen."

It is difficult to explain the pulsating process, except to say that the inclined surface over which diamonds, garnets, and soil are washed is caused to vibrate tremulously as they pass over it, and the diamonds are caught on a thick layer of grease with which it is spread, to which the rest of the deposit refuses to adhere and is swept down into the trough. The adhesiveness of grease for diamonds was discovered by one of the overseers who was set to watch the natives at work, and noticed that they always greased their fingers before they began. It is said that only one diamond in 1,200 escapes being caught by the grease. After our inspec-

tion we went to the private office, where the manager expressed his regret to Mrs. Meyer that she had not come on the day when they gave diamonds away to all-comers. But on inquiry we found that that day lived in his imagination only, and belonged to a to-morrow that never broke.

From these extensive and interesting works we drove to see the blasting, which takes place once in four hours. As we watched from the edge of the immense open pit, we saw the men at the bottom of the workings depositing the dynamite in the drilled holes, lighting the fuse, and stealing away. In a few minutes more we detected the emerging smoke and heard the loud report. Great masses of rock were torn away from the bed where they had lain for millenniums. These were afterwards gathered and laid out in the sun for months, that the first process of disintegration might commence.

Nothing could be heartier than the farewell which our Kimberley friends gave us, and we shall always value the magnificent karross presented by them as a memento of their affection. But even better than this is the knowledge that the Men's Meeting is still vigorously sustained each Sunday afternoon, under the superintendence of my valued friend

Dr. McKenzie, the son of the distinguished missionary.

On the last morning I visited the monument erected by Mr. Rhodes in memory of the men who fell in the defence of the town. It stands where four roads meet, in what will ultimately be a noble people's park. The Greek Thesseum furnished the model, and the structure is chaste and imposing. On the base is an inscription by Rudyard Kipling. There are other monuments of a similar nature, commemorating the soldiers on either side; but how strange they will seem when a hundred years have passed and these two great peoples have become one, as the English and Scotch are in the British Empire!

Photo.] [*Horace W. Nicholls.*

TYPICAL BOER FAMILY.

(The book the Father is exhibiting is the "History of the Voertrekkers" to be found in every Boer home.)

CHAPTER IV

BLOEMFONTEIN

THE opening of a new line from Kimberley a few weeks previously was very convenient. Mr. Bull, of the Student Christian Association, who was now travelling with us, and I journeyed together, Mrs. Meyer having taken advantage of an excursion to Victoria Falls to visit them and the Matopos. On the train, Rev. Canon Orford, formerly of St. Mary's, Leicester, who used to be interested in the prison-work as I had been, and who had since removed to Bloemfontein, introduced himself; we were soon treading again the streets of the dear old midland town, which has always been a kind of magnetic pole to me. The Canon had served on the ambulance staff during the war, and many a narrative had he to tell of the hospitals, where the soldiers, who had fought on either side, became the best of friends, discussing the campaign and comparing experiences.

Bloemfontein is a charming town. Formerly it was the quiet centre of a large agricultural district and the capital of the Orange Free State Government; but since the war it has felt the pulsing tides of a new era, and has greatly increased. At one side of the town is the spacious market-square, on which the principal streets, lined with first-class shops and stores, abut. Stirring scenes have been witnessed on that square. There crowds have waited in suspense for the verdict of peace or war; there the Free State Boers mustered to throw in their lot with the Transvaal; there British soldiers stood in their thousands as Lord Roberts made his proclamation of annexation. Now it is given over to the huge wagons, with their twelve span of oxen, which transport the country produce.

Beautiful suburbs are springing up, with pleasant villas situated in gardens, and shaded with willow, gum, and other trees. In one of these, situated beyond the public offices, I dined with my old friends, Rev. and Mrs. Osborne Howe, and found a sequestered park, where I spent many of my mornings; in another, reaching out to the veldt and the railway to Johannesburg, I breakfasted with Hon. D. Drew, the editor of *The Friend*, an influential paper which did my Mission great service. He had been formerly a Regent's Park student, and

it was a great gratification to find an alumnus of my old college sitting in the Upper House of the Legislature, with the magic prefix of *Hon.* to his name. He told me that Mr. Keir Hardie was his guest when visiting Bloemfontein.

Our home was with Rev. John and Mrs. Scott and their daughter. Their name is a household word throughout religious circles in South Africa. Every one speaks with veneration and love of this veritable bishop of the Methodist Church, whose experience of the country reaches back over fifty years of service. It was delightful to talk with a man who had known Robert Moffat, and stayed with him at Kuruman ; and few men can speak more wisely of the most prudent method of dealing with the ills of Africa. He agreed heartily with the late Dr. Stewart, of Lovedale, in saying, " If we are to make a new continent, we must have a new man to put into it. We may sweep the house, and garnish it with such ideas, inventions, or furniture as the twentieth century can supply. But with all this there is no guarantee that the renewed continent may not be, if not as bad, yet very little better than before. Non-Christian civilisations have come to grief, and disappeared off the face of the earth for want of some essential moral element. Only a Christian civilisation, in which the Christianity is the

first thing, can permanently benefit and uplift the native races."

One of the saddest spectacles to be witnessed in South Africa is the cemetery, where 3,100 soldiers are buried, of all regiments and all parts of the Empire. As I stood there, I noted the names of some of the regiments that had contributed their quota to the scythe, not of battle, but of that more terrible and inevitable foe—enteric fever. The Royal Horse Artillery, Thornycroft's Mounted Infantry, the Somersets, East Lancasters, Hants, Worcesters, Bedfords, Gloucestershires, Royal Irish, Wilts, Royal Engineers, Household Cavalry, Warwicks, Oxfordshire, Staffordshire, Lincoln, Norfolk, the Burmah Mounted Infantry, Canada, VIth City of London, South Wales, New South Wales, and the Life Guards—all are represented on these sad memorial stones or the iron crosses which far out-number them. In most cases the ages were under thirty. O war! what a terrible and insatiable appetite thou hast for our fairest, dearest, and noblest children! Thou insatiable monster! But thy doom is writ! Thou art to be destroyed! What evil had these young lives wrought to incur so sad a fate as to die here in a hospital, away from mother, sister, wife, sweetheart? Surely the soil must breed a noble race which has been enriched by such precious dust!

The meetings were held in the Town Hall. They told me that Bloemfontein would prove a hard nut to crack, but I didn't find it so; and perhaps this was due in part to the brotherly welcome given by the two ministers of the Dutch Church, where Mr. Murray translated for me on the one Sunday and Mr. Boshoff on the other. My heart warmed greatly to these ministers also, because of the exertions they put forth to gather their brethren from all parts of the Orange River Colony. Indeed, I should imagine that at least thirty of these were entertained in one way or another, that they might be present. We had great crowds night after night; capital over-tea conferences; but the work among the men was best of all, and, thank God, it still abides.

I hardly like to quote the following letter which came to hand on the eve of my sailing from Rev. T. Chapman, who became the secretary of the Men's Brotherhood, as he had been the secretary for the Mission; but it may give welcome encouragement to many of my friends, who were unceasing in prayer on my behalf:—

"The time of your departure from our land will be at hand when this reaches you, and I have the great pleasure of conveying to you officially our sincere greetings and love. What

we as a Brotherhood owe to you cannot be expressed. Our existence is a part only of the abiding results of your visit. Many changed lives are a memorial to the Grace of God, manifest through you, and working in men who had lost all touch with God and religious things. Now they are bright witnesses of His power to save and keep. It would have been a great joy to see you again, but we shall more eagerly anticipate your early return to this country. You will be pleased to hear that our membership numbers over two hundred. . . . Again, in parting, let me express our deep appreciation of all your work in this city and colony. It was deep and far-reaching. Dutch people and natives scattered all over the Colony have felt the incoming of blessing, like the flow of a great tidal wave far up the inland river. It has not only been a tidal wave, but a seed-sowing; and after many days the harvest will still be bountiful."

The secret of the great blessing that rested on this Mission lay in a lonely walk I took on the afternoon of the first day to the summit of Signal Hill. The beautiful town lay outspread at my feet, its houses and buildings set in green foliage. Across, on the other side to the north-east was Naval Hill, now occupied by the military camp. The air was still and clear;

above the most perfect sky. My heart was filled with prayer, and I was enabled to claim that there should not be one home within my view that should not be directly or indirectly the better because I had come. From that hour there was no need to worry. There are times when a man has "whatsoever he saith." Many times before I have have had similar experiences, notably at Los Angelos, previous to one of the most remarkable Missions of my life. Even now the sky may be the pathway of the cloud "no bigger than a man's hand," which portends an abundance of rain.

When he was twenty-five years old Dr. A. Murray was appointed minister of the Orange Free State, with the Transvaal thrown in. This is fifty-five years ago, but it is in the line of a holy succession that his nephew, Rev. C. Murray, is now joint minister of the great Dutch Church. An incident, as he related it to me, will indicate the spirit which is at work among the younger ministers. One evening, as we were walking together, he asked me to forgive him for having absented himself from the afternoon readings, but said that he believed I would approve of the reason. He told me that when he first settled there, large numbers of young men stood aloof from the Sunday services because they felt out of touch

with the Church life. This might be well enough for their elders, but it seemed to have no room for them. In addition, he discovered that the tone on the football field was not all that could be desired. He determined therefore to put himself at the head of the football team connected with his Sunday school, insisting only that there should be no talk or behaviour unworthy of Christian gentlemen. The results had been highly satisfactory. The Sunday School attendance had greatly increased, the young men were regular in Church attendance, some eighty of them being present at the Sunday afternoon Bible-class, and the general tone of the football field much higher. His action in this respect chimed in with paragraphs which I have always inserted in the address delivered to young men and women at the Saturday evening mass meetings, on "How to make the Best of Life." I have always insisted that consecration is not exclusive but inclusive, and that the really consecrated man, like Paul Roos, the captain of the Springboks in their recent victorious English tour, can pray and preach as well on Sunday, as play football on Saturday. Mr. Roos told me, when I met him at Stellenbosch, that the hotel-keepers in England were quite astonished to find that he and his team went regularly to

Church on Sundays, just as the religious circles were surprised to find that these young men were as keen on a good prayer-meeting as a football match. Let our young Christian men hold our great English games for God, only desisting from them when they discover that it is impossible to raise the tone of the men around them.

Whilst I was in the city the Houses of Legislature were in Session, and I attended one of the sittings. The question in every one's mouth was how far the two languages should be used in the elementary schools. It is not necessary to discuss that matter here. Suffice it to say that in the Orange River Colony, as throughout the sub-continent, there seems a growing consensus of opinion that, up to the third standard, children should be taught in their mother-tongue, British or Dutch; after which the use of the two languages should be compulsory. There seems to me nothing to object to here, and I only wish that the same rule could be applied to the natives; but in that direction also it is likely that the evidence which has been recently tendered will pave the way for a homogeneous system. South Africa will have to be a bi-lingual country, and in all my Missions I endeavoured, as far as possible, that Dutch as well as English should be heard in the opening exercises.

Amongst the eminent persons whom I met at Bloemfontein none impressed me more than Rev. E. Jacottet, of Morija, Basutoland, one of the leaders in the important French Missions there. My conversations with him led me to take a more intelligent interest in the great native territories, under British Protectorates, that lie outside the four colonial Governments of Cape Colony, Orange River Colony, the Transvaal, and Natal. These will be immensely important factors, which must be considered by the Imperial Government, when called to sanction, or otherwise, any scheme of *Unification* which the four Colonies may agree upon.

If the Colonies resolve on *Federation*, each will preserve its autonomy, and all will agree on some common system of railways, postal service, tariffs, &c., which are now almost as distinct as if they belonged to foreign countries. Under this arrangement the position of the native territories would be unaffected. If, however, the trend of public opinion shall be in the direction of a unified South Africa, the Imperial Government will have to face two very difficult questions: (1) What shall be done with the native Reserves of Basutoland, the Bechuanaland Protectorate, Swaziland, and others in direct relation to the Imperial Government? (2) What steps shall be taken towards giving

adequate representation to natives throughout the unified South Africa? At present in Cape Colony every native who earns £50 per annum and can write his name may vote, though only for a white representative. These conditions, however, are open to very grave abuses. In Natal, a distinctly British colony, only two natives have the right to vote, and the immense native interests have no direct representation.

Opinions are greatly divided on these points. This is one side of it. Some eminent authorities insist that these native Reserves should be done away with, the land given to white men, and the natives forced out to work. A section of the same party insists that the provinces of a unified Africa should be (1) Cape Colony; (2) the Orange River Colony, *with Basutoland;* (3) Natal, *including Zululand;* (4) the Transvaal, *with the Bechuanaland Protectorate and Swaziland.*

On the other side is a large and influential body of men who contend that Great Britain must retain her control of the native Reserves for the present, and that to hand them over to a South African Government would be a breach of faith which would have terrible consequences. Neither the Basutos, who are allowed to carry their guns as a practically unconquered race, nor chiefs, like Khama in Bechuanaland, would

ever consent to be handed over to an Africander Government, and any attempt in this direction would lead to unrest, disturbance, and war. Nothing could be more disastrous than such a resistance, from their own point of view, for a native rising would be put down by Maxims, the helpless would be mown down by tens of thousands, their lands confiscated, and the hapless remnants become like the Hottentots —hewers of wood and drawers of water.

The following points are the main positions on which this latter party insists: (1) The inalienable rights of natives to their Reserves, which must never be occupied by Europeans; (2) their right eventually to receive individual tenure and title for their holdings; (3) their right to local self-government; (4) the right of the civilised natives to genuine and adequate representation, based on a civilisation franchise; (5) that it is the duty of the Imperial Government either to continue its control over the native Reserves or to insist on obtaining reasonable guarantees that 1, 2, 3, 4 shall be respected.

As to 4, there seems some diversity of opinion. Some advocate the parliamentary representation of the black populations through white representatives, as in Cape Colony. Others urge for separate native parliaments for the discussion of native affairs, the decisions of

which should be binding after the consent of the Governor or Commissioner had been given. They contend that the natives should also have the right to forward to the colonial or unified Legislature, through some recognised channel, their resolutions on the general policy of the country.

The recent history of the Basutos is too long even to recapitulate here; I can only give a few items picked up in conversation with my friends, &c. . . . Basutoland contains at present 225,000 Bantu and 600 Europeans. The white people are officials, missionaries, and traders. No others are permitted in the country. . . . We are under contract with the Basutos that they may retain their guns—Winchester rifles, for which they have paid £1 each in duty. They have earned the money for these by their work in the mines. They own 60,000 hardy little horses of a special breed. . . . Their country is remarkably configured with *kopjes*, and therefore very difficult to conquer. . . . They greatly respect the Government of the Great White King, because it means justice. . . . The headmen of the kraals hold native assemblies, called *pitsos*, where every man has the right to speak and the decisions are binding. . . . There is not a single place in Basutoland where liquor can be sold, and no

bottle can be openly imported without the consent of the Government. . . . A friend of mine, who has been through their territory some twenty times, has never seen a native inebriated, and he has never been once insulted, "but give them drink, and they are mad."

Mr. Jacottet said that he would rather trust his wife and children with the native chiefs than with many Europeans. He has often left them under the care of Masupa, a warlike chieftain. A native is absolutely trustworthy when put on his honour. He will return the cattle or their skins (if they have met death by accident), though the man who does this may not be averse to taking his neighbour's cattle, if he gets the chance. Moshesh, the great chief of the Basuto, when he heard the Ten Commandments for the first time, said to the missionary, "You have told me nothing that I didn't know, with the exception of the fourth." The natives are not savage, as we think; they are governed by chiefs, aided by their headmen or indunas. Adultery is punished by death, and the girl who bears a child before marriage is speared (though certain practices are permitted which are quite indefensible from our point of view). Forgiveness, meekness, patience, humility are found amongst them, even in their blanket state, also gratitude,

They are remarkably brave. Here are some stories :

A native went out of his hut at night to get something, when a lion sprang on him and carried him off. The old people, his father and mother, thought only of themselves, and hastened to shut the door, but his wife rushed out of the hut with only a log of wood, found the lion a few paces from the kraal, attacked him, and beat him so mercilessly that he was cowed by her vehemence and slunk away into the bush. Then she thought, "What shall I do? If I leave my husband to get help, the lion will return. If I carry him off on my back the lion may spring ; but in that case we will die together, and I'll risk it." So she caught up her husband and carried him safely into the hut. Women love there as among ourselves, and have a great deal more influence than I thought. Of course a man may take more than one wife, if he can afford it, for each woman is valued at so many head of cattle. I was told that in the majority of cases the rule is one man for one woman.

A husband and wife were working near a river. He was sawing wood ; she was hoeing. They told their little boy to keep off the bank, but in spite of their warnings he got near the water, and was caught by a crocodile. When

the mother saw this she rushed into the stream, grasped the crocodile by the throat, and began a hand-to-hand fight with it, now in and now out of the water. The husband then rushed to her rescue, and so belaboured the animal, that he let the child go when the mother and boy were almost beyond hope. They are all alive to-day.

A man-eating lion leapt over the gate of a kraal, seized a man from his dinner of mealy porridge, and dragged him off. The man's companion sprang up, ran after him, and dabbed hot porridge in the beast's face, who dropped his first victim, and seized his assailant by the ankle. Then a missionary, hearing his screams, dashed into the fray, and the lion leapt into the bush. It was killed by a trap a few days after.

These digressions savour of garrulousness, and I beg pardon. My only desire is to give my readers some glimpses of this magnificent Basuto race. They are worth saving from the standpoint of the Church, and they should be maintained in their integrity as a noble people, whilst Christianising and civilising agencies should do their work in fitting them to become some day a valuable factor in a unified South Africa.

There is one further aspect of the case, however, which will require the serious attention of

the Basutos themselves. If they are to be left alone, they must at least keep pace with the advance of the surrounding colonies. I was told that the soil is being carried away by the scour of the rivers. Burr-weed and scab work their separate mischiefs in flock and field, unchecked by organised effort. Many of the chiefs smuggle in strong drink, and their administration tends to be erratic. The Basutos cannot keep the country merely by the strong arm of the Imperial Government. Unless they conserve their soil by afforestation, improve the yield of their ground by careful tillage, and show that they are treating their opportunities as a white race would, their possession is certain sooner or later to be challenged. In the meanwhile the Resident has deserved the highest commendation for his patience and statesmanship in preserving the peace of the country under his control. Autocracy is a good thing when you have a strong, wise, and tactful autocrat at the head of affairs.

I cannot put down all that I have heard of the misunderstandings, massacres, perfidies, and disappointments which have taken place in the long and sad story of the contact between the white and black races in this land. The less about certain phases of it the better. Many a time my heart has bled at the recital, now of

what the whites have suffered from the natives, in burning homes and bloody massacre, and again in terrible requitals.

The Governor received me kindly : he is much respected by all classes ; the mayor and mayoress gave a garden-party ; many attentions were paid to us ; but amidst all these stands out a memorable visit to the home of Sir John Frazer, looking over miles of level veldt and sheltered by noble hills. We sat on his stoep and talked of the part that he had played in this land, whose child he is, and which he knows intimately. It would not be fair to set down here the opinions that he uttered on the topics of the hour, but the story which he narrated of the closing scenes of the siege of Bloemfontein was a graphic one ; and as he told it the veteran statesman seemed to be living over again the events of those stirring days.

It was with real regret that we tore ourselves away from this interesting city, in order to pay two brief visits *en route*. One to Wynberg, an old Dutch town, where I was the guest of the Dutch minister. We had fine services, and the mayor most courteously provided a public reception. My friend, Rev. Mr. Boshoff, told me that out of the fifty-four farmhouses of this district, only four had escaped being raided or destroyed. A refined Dutch girl, an earnest

Christian, whom I met at his house, told me that her family are still living in the stable, which faces the ruins of their former home, now covered with ivy, but which they have not been able to rebuild.

The two days at Kronstadt were among the gladdest of the tour. It is a large market centre situated in the midst of battlefields. We arrived on Ascension Day, and I don't know whether it was the special interest of the day, or the scenery of the lovely Valsch River, or that special prayer had been offered, but we had seven radiant meetings; and finally were escorted to the railway station by the splendid Salvation Army band which had been selected to accompany the General on his tour. It gave one an experience of what Royalty must feel, but was rather embarrassing to modest individuals like ourselves.

In the train we met Mr. Hall, the brother-in-law of Rev. Silvester Horne, who is at work at Zimbabwe, in Rhodesia. He gave a most interesting account of his discoveries of ancient civilisation. The remaining walls are massive, 20 feet thick, beautifully bevelled, and without mortar. Among the débris were found delicate anklets, bracelets, &c., of gold. It is computed that £70,000,000 of gold were removed by vanished workers. It may be

that from these deserted workings was obtained the gold of Solomon's Temple, which was carried in Tyrian ships as far as Eziongeber, and thence to Jerusalem. The natives there still possess a Hebrew (or Semitic) physiognomy and practise forty-two of the customs mentioned in Leviticus. This was an interesting and profitable way of passing the tedium of our journey, and almost before we were aware we had reached the Golden City.

GENERAL VIEW OF JOHANNESBURG.

CHAPTER V

JOHANNESBURG

TILL the autumn of 1886 only a few scattered farms were dotted along the southern slopes of the Witwatersrand Range, —it must be remembered that a Boer feels cramped if he can see the stacks of a neighbouring farmhouse. It was one of the bleakest and most elevated spots in the Transvaal, 5,764 feet above sea-level. The land was of so little value in those days that a farm would change hands for the price of a team of oxen. But when this wonderful gold reef was discovered, running east and west for 130 miles, there was an immediate rush of miners and speculators. Nine years afterwards two sites in Commissioner Street were sold for £22,000, and in 1902 the Standard Bank had to pay for its site in the same street no less a sum than £145,000. The city now extends for some six square miles; the parks alone occupy 90 acres; and

electric trams run out for miles to the suburbs. The population is reckoned at 160,000.

Some of the streets are very imposing, but the development of the city has been arrested by the back-wash of the war, the commercial depression, and the impatience of speculators to be satisfied with legitimate profits. However, as the value of the ore within the area is calculated at 1,250 millions of pounds, the Golden City may reckon on a great and assured future. There are now many empty spaces which need to be filled up, and temporary structures which will give place to permanent ones, but all this must come in due course. When the city is twenty years older it will be one of the finest in the world. By that time also, I trust the furnaces will have been taught to consume their own smoke, and some means will have been found of asphalting the roads, so that the whirlwinds of dust may be cast into a sleep from which there will be no awakening.

We had a great time in Johannesburg. There were, of course, the usual four meetings a day—at one, four, five, and eight o'clock—but there was much else. On the two Sunday afternoons the big Empire Theatre was packed in every part with men, followed by meetings for women. There were one or two conferences with the Baptist leaders and a public

luncheon, also a breakfast with all the ministers of the city. Two special morning conferences were convened by the Dutch ministers and their Kirkraade. Services were also held in the compounds, in the Coloured church, and in the noble Dutch churches. I had, moreover, several opportunities of private conversation with men and women who were familiar with the inner life of the city. Really I could not have had a happier or more useful time. It is hard work to refrain from mentioning names, but if I once begin there will be no end. Let any of my friends who read these lines be assured that I don't forget. Both my private diary and my heart preserve their names and record.

The work of the Witwatersrand Church Council is really splendid; and I felt, as I came in contact with the men who constitute it, and saw how they are endeavouring to cope with the difficult questions perpetually confronting them, that some of us had failed to estimate at the full worth the high moral standard which they have set themselves, or the vigour with which they endeavour to impress their ideals on the community. I turn over again the pages of their report and note some of the subjects that have engaged them: A conference of all religious bodies is called to protest and insist on the better observance of Sunday. They

express their wish to the Colonial Secretary that, in view of the moral condition of the natives, more time should be given in Government native schools to religious and moral instruction. They set themselves to resist the proposal to import Cape wines for the use of native labourers in the mines; at their initiative a Sunday School Union is formed; a strong and successful protest is made to the authorities on living pictures, indecent post-cards, &c.; a strong resolution on vice in Chinese and native compounds is sent to Lord Selborne and H.M. Secretary of State for the Colonies. And this is not a mere paper war against wrong. The power of that Church Council is felt throughout the community.

One of the happiest by-products of the Mission was that the ministers and officers of the Dutch Reformed Church resolved on a deputation to the Church Council affirming their willingness to resume the positions which they had held on it anterior to the war, on the one condition—the justice of which no one could dispute—that they should be at liberty to use the Dutch language if they desired. I was present when that deputation met the Council, and it was like a glimpse of the Day of Pentecost. Since then I have learnt

that my friend Rev. D. Theron, of the Dutch Reformed Church, has been chosen Vice-President, and the union is working happily.

Through my friend Rev. J. J. Doke, the Baptist minister who sheltered him in his own home when his life was endangered in a street riot, I became deeply interested in Mr. Ghandi, and was led to form a high estimate of his personal character. That estimate was greatly enhanced after two quiet and prolonged walks and talks. I notice that his character has been challenged, and this has caused me to make further inquiries, but, after all, I cannot see that any greater crime can be laid to his door than we are familiar with in the case of our own Passive Resistance movement. In fact, to tell the truth, I think he learnt some of his methods from a close study of the utterances of certain editors, Doctors of Divinity, and others whom I could name but refrain. As we strolled to and fro in the park, we discussed the deepest of themes, such as the Hindoo conception of the new birth, the use of water in religious rites, and the nature of prayer. He is highly cultured and deeply religious, speaks English perfectly, having spent some years in England, and is familiar with our best literature. Whilst tenacious of his Hindoo religious views, which are almost

identical with Theosophy, he has a great reverence for Jesus Christ, whose face arrests you on entering his office as it hangs over his desk. He practises as a barrister; but, not content with one profession, is hoping to visit London again shortly, to study medicine, and give his sons wider opportunities for realising the ideals with which he has inspired them.

When I was in the city he was greatly incensed because of the Asiatic Act, which, among other provisions, requires of all Indians digit-impressions. To use his own words: "It is class legislation of a degrading type, reducing those to whom it applies to helotry. For all who come under that Act there is constant irritating police supervision. The police have authority to stop any Asiatic and take from him identification particulars, then, at their whim, to march him to the police-station, submit him again to examination, and, if necessary, detain him." I have carefully inquired and am assured that Mr. Ghandi's contention, in which he is now joined by the Transvaal Chinese, is not opposed to the restrictions that hinder *fresh* Indian immigration, but to their application to those who have been peaceful members of the community for a number of years, and are recognised resi-

EXECUTIVE OF THE WITWATERSRAND CHURCH COUNCIL, JUNE 15, 1908.

dents and traders in the city. As the Chinese memorial puts it: "The Government asks the Asiatic communities to surrender the rights of pre-war Asiatic residents, to surrender the right of appeal to the Supreme Court, and to surrender the right of highly-educated Asiatics to enter the country." I am credibly informed that a considerable number of educated Hindoo gentlemen, Mr. Ghandi amongst them, are now suffering sentences of three months' imprisonment, with hard labour, in consequence of their resistance. The fact is, that the Indians live so cheaply and are so facile in adapting themselves to native needs, that they obtain the larger share of the native trade in Johannesburg, as elsewhere. Obviously I cannot take sides, and I can have no sympathy with any unfair cutting of prices, but it seems barbarous to put Hindoo gentlemen to menial work, generally given to Kaffirs.

There was another great moral issue in the balance, in which my friend Rev. Charles Phillips, the President of the Council, was taking the lead. By the Act of 1906 any Chinaman, on a permit from a doctor, countersigned by a magistrate, may obtain two pounds of opium per month. This means more than an ounce a day for every smoker, and is a quite extraordinary and extravagant quantity.

On an average four hundred permits per month are issued, but not one has ever been sought or obtained for a *mine* Chinaman. The whole of them have come into the hands of the residential Cantonese Chinese, who are driving a large trade in this pernicious drug. There are twenty dens in one quarter of the city alone, where Chinese, coloured, native, and white men and women are to be found. Evidently the habit of opium-smoking is taking root among the residential part of the community, and the Church Council has set itself to eradicate the growing evil. The Chinese colony in the city are taking sides with the Council, and are praying the Government to be delivered from these clauses in the Act, which, they say, "are causing very great physical and moral evil." When one considers that a non-Christian country like China is making such strenuous efforts to deliver her subjects from the opium-habit, and when it is borne in mind that the labour agents in China had strict orders not to accept an applicant who was an opium-smoker, it can hardly be wondered at that Mr. Phillips and his friends feel that they have evident and strong reasons for the position they have taken up. It is in such matters as this—non-party-political and non-sectarian—that the Church Council finds its sphere; and I quote this

as another evidence of the good work that this Council is doing to make its calling and election sure. Surely, when a number of Christian men are willing to sink all differences, recognising their oneness in Christ, and subordinating personal and private ends to attaining the high ideals of His kingdom, they have the right and power to claim and reckon upon the co-operation of that Creative and All-informing Spirit who underlies all human things. He is susceptible to the least appeal of the human spirit, if only it can rid itself of selfish and merely individualistic aims, and can rise to the lofty levels of Christian altruism. It is that attitude which is especially nurtured in a Church Council, and words are not strong enough to express one's regret that, with very few exceptions, the clergy of the Anglican Church isolate themselves from this unity, to the great loss both of themselves (if I may be allowed to say so) and of their fellow-Christians. The war between right and wrong is long as the ages; but before a united Church, co-operating with the power of the Eternal Spirit, long coils of error and evil become disentwined, the crooked is made straight, and the rough smooth.

I was filled with anxiety because of the temptations which the city presents to young men

and women; I know that they would resent anything like grandmotherly interference. After all, each of us must work out our own programme, and obtain our own stock of experience. But the Nemesis of retribution which society metes out to a woman for one false step is so terrible, and the entanglements into which young men drift are so destructive of subsequent peace and well-being, that one longs, as far as possible, to neutralise the conditions which make it easy to go wrong, and to set up others which will shelter the young life until it is able deliberately to fix on its purpose and programme. When any are proposing to put out to sea with Passion at the helm, and Self-indulgence at the prow, we must at least do our utmost to delay the final choice until all the *pros* and *cons* have been presented and considered. The conditions of life in Johannesburg are peculiarly difficult. Two years ago it was discovered that in the ratio of population there were seven men to one woman. Many of the men were adventurers; some had deserted their wives; in large numbers of cases there was small chance of young men being able to earn enough to marry upon. The problem is complicated because British girls pour into the city, get situations, and live in single rooms, getting their meals out. The restric-

tions of living in boarding-houses are resented, even where the latchkey is granted after 11 o'clock, on the condition of saying where the evening has been spent. The girls cannot be made to believe that their lovers will desert them. In very many cases the consequences are deplorable, and those who know the city tell me that they are constantly coming upon white children given to native mothers to nurse, and growing up with their own. I bring no railing accusation; the sin of London is bad enough; but the safeguards in Johannesburg seem to me inadequate. The Young Women's Christian Association premises are totally insufficient to meet the need of the young girl-life. For £2,000, land which adjoins the little restaurant could be covered by most suitable premises; and I can only hope that this page may lead some generous giver to furnish this amount. I spoke very straightly to the men and young men who crowded the meetings, and it was most refreshing to receive letters expressive of their resolve to respect and protect all women, even the weakest, for the sake of Him who was Himself made of a woman. The Young Men's Christian Association premises are also heavily handicapped by debt, to help to remove which Lord Selborne did us the honour of coming over from

Pretoria, and presiding at a public meeting; but I am obliged to confess that there was no large response to the urgent appeals which were made for financial help. Perhaps things are better now, as I was told that Mr. F. Smith, who held a Mission for young men after I had left, was able to reckon that five hundred of them would identify themselves with the Church life of the city. These surely will be able to push the boat off the reef into deep water, whenever the tide of commercial prosperity begins to return.

This is another very grave subject for which I prefer to employ the language of the *Rand Daily Mail* for June 9th, only premising that a native location is the cluster of houses outside the white city, and sometimes at a considerable distance from it. There the natives are compelled to live, travelling in and out for their daily work. Every city has its native location, about which I shall have to speak on a subsequent page. This is the paragraph, the full significance of which will be understood by those who know the conditions of city life at home and abroad; I would not refer to it here except for the appeal which it suggests: "The evil influence of location life is everywhere apparent on the West Rand. It is entirely destructive of native morals, and the mode of

living which obtains in them is of the loosest character. Large quantities of Kaffir beer are brewed by the women and buried during the week. The utmost ingenuity is shown in concealing this liquor, and frequently it is lowered in a barrel into a specially prepared pit in the middle of a hut. The pit is filled in with earth, upon which is placed such furniture as may be available." This stuff is produced for the Sunday drinking orgies, "which are much encouraged by the older Kaffir women who usually sell the drink." "In addition to the prevalence of inebriety, immorality has become a feature of life in the native locations, and in the wake of both there is following an epidemic of serious disease. Sufferers are often placed in charge of children by unsuspecting householders, who thereby expose their sons and daughters to the danger of contagion." I am sorry to have met with the same pitiful circumstances in my visits to other towns. It appears to me that the conditions under which the natives are living should appeal to the whole community. All that I could do was to urge the necessity of erecting more lamps, securing more police, and stopping the importation of the white man's spirits as well as the Kaffir's beer. But surely something more radical is needed? In all these locations there are

Churches connected with religious denominations, but the ministers are terribly deficient in such help as we are accustomed to at Home. What is needed in many of these Missions is the influence of noble women, lifting the ideals, giving a new direction to thought and feeling, and awakening a wholesome pride in house and children. A woman's touch would be regenerative amid conditions which are stubborn to all else. I have sometimes wondered why the noble Christian women, whom I have met, women of the better classes, with homes and children, do not give some hours a week to work among the married women of these locations, who may be found at home all day idling and gossiping. Why is it right for young unmarried girls of our Christian households to be sent as missionaries to the blanketed Kaffirs of Nyassaland, and unseemly for Christian matrons to visit the locations within sight of their own doors? Thank God, I have met a very few cases in which this work is being done, but they are inadequate to cope with the need.

The *locations* to which reference has just been made must not be confused with the *compounds*. The former are the homes of natives employed in domestic or other service in the towns, the latter are the temporary lodgings of employees in the mines. Mr. A. W. Baker,

Hon. Director of the South African Compounds Mission, called on me soon after our arrival, and asked me to speak at one or two of his meetings. During ten years of work in these unpromising fields, he has baptized 1,015 persons on profession of their faith, and after a period of probation. I shall not easily forget that Sunday morning. Some were washing their clothes, some sleeping in the sun. Calabashes and specially shaped stones were providing discordant music for the sons of song; some were roaming aimlessly about, the blanket their only clothing. I looked into one of the bedrooms, the beds for the most part resembling the bunks and hammocks on ship-board, one above the other; in another were a few iron bedsteads, and shelves set out with teapots and crockery. Four groups were gathered around open-air preachers; and when I began, speaking by interpretation, our ring became densely crowded. A native followed me; and then four raw Kaffirs came out and knelt for the first time in the centre of the circle, their eyes closed, and hands clasped. It was very touching to see Mr. Baker place his hand on each head and pray. When they come from east and west to sit down in the Kingdom, will my seat be near those four men, and will they recognise me? We also went through one of

the Chinese compounds, but there was nothing special to notice; and the numbers are now rapidly diminishing towards vanishing-point—I did not hear any regrets on that score. The sense, however, of bitter resentment at Britain's reluctance to trust South Africans to deal with the Chinese and their compounds still rankles deeply in certain quarters. In one or two circles, when that subject was approached, a sudden squall sprang up, and there was nothing for it but to take in sail and let the boat drive!

The manager of the Village Main Gold Mine was extremely kind. On two occasions we visited the works. On the first we were allowed to witness the gold being smelted. It was a great spectacle to watch the molten metal being poured into the moulds prepared for it, left to cool for fifteen minutes, and then changing to the pure splendour of shining bricks of solid gold, cleansed of slag, and ready to be transported to the Bank, whither they were taken under armed protection. Each bar, or brick, was worth £1,200; ten bars are produced per month, and it would take approximately 3,130 tons of rock to produce each of them. The task of dealing with this immense mass is performed by four hundred whites and two thousand Kaffir boys, but they would be

A CHINESE MONTE CARLO, AS IT USED TO BE.

helpless apart from the magnificent and costly machines which we inspected on our second visit. It was then that for the first time I descended a mine. Having dressed ourselves in ungainly costumes, we descended to a depth of 1,200 feet, were given lighted candles, and began to pick our steps along the galleries, meeting *en route* the diminutive wagons returning to the bottom of the shaft laden with the results of the blastings. Then we descended another 850 feet to the lower seam. One remembered the description given in the Book of Job of these scenes, and found it as true to-day as when first penned. Here the Kaffirs were drilling the blasting holes, for which they get 2s. per day. They are paid by piece-work, which should not take more than five to six hours. We watched a drilling machine at work, which is serving the same purpose as the Kaffirs' drills, though at a greater cost. Finally we were not sorry to regain *terra firma*, though the galleries are well ventilated, and the conditions under which the men and boys labour are as healthy and favourable as possible.

The suburbs of Johannesburg to the north and east are extremely beautiful. One morning's motor ride to Hospital Hill and Parktown can never be forgotten; and especially

the halt at a beautiful villa, where my friend's wife and children had prepared the usual eleven o'clock morning tea, which is as customary as our four o'clock. After skirting the environs and descending by a steep incline into the valley, we began to climb through wooded slopes to a height which commanded a view as extensive as it was beautiful. Yonder was the interminable veldt, silent, solemn, infinite, and threading it the road to Pretoria, and then the long line of distant hills, and in the foreground the woods at our feet. But enough! We had to tear ourselves away. The station platform was filled with friends to say Goodbye; and I hope it may not be Farewell, but *au revoir*.

N.B.—*No visitor should leave Johannesburg without visiting the Orphan Homes at Langlaagte, where they will find the counterpart of George Müller's work in Bristol.*

CHAPTER VI

PRETORIA

THREE hours by train from Johannesburg and we are at Pretoria. A noble city, with broad streets, intersecting each other at right angles, the principal ones lined with handsome buildings and fine shops. Trees, electric-trams, wide open spaces, suburbs rich in foliage, zoological gardens, a fine market-square! Pretoria has played a great part from the days of its first founding in 1855 by Commandant Pretorius, and is famous as the capital city of the Transvaal. In all South Africa there was nothing that fascinated me more than the expanse of the Church Square. Formerly the great Dutch church stood in the centre; and, especially at communion seasons, the open space was filled on Sunday with the out-spanned oxen and wagons that had brought the farmers and their families to attend Divine service. Within a comparatively few years—indeed, up to the

opening of the war—the Square was not too large for the accommodation of the Boers and their belongings, who had come from distances of fifteen, twenty, and twenty-five miles for the sacred festival, lasting from the Saturday to the Monday. Such greetings and foregatherings of relatives and friends; such awe and reverence; such sweet singing, as each family conducted its family worship before retiring to sleep in the capacious shelter of the old family wagons; such purchasings and laying-in of stores before they started away! There are some traces of this still, but the new world is breaking in with its harsh novelty on these venerable remnants of the past. I was reminded, as I heard the story, of the Highland Communion seasons, now also shorn of much of their ancient glory.

The church has been removed, and the space is clear. It is big enough for the evolutions of an army. In all lights I loved to steal down to bathe in its fascination. Around it stand magnificent public offices, built largely from the fines with which the leaders of the Jameson Raid purchased their liberty—some £25,000 each; but it was the human life that flashed across it in all directions by day, and the spirit of the past which brooded over it after nightfall, which cast their spell upon my heart. On

Photo.] [*Horace W. Nicholls.*

A BOER FAMILY TREKKING.

one occasion I saw Lord Selborne driven swiftly through it in state to open Parliament, and received with enthusiastic cheers.

Leading out of it towards the west, in a line with Church Street—one of the main streets—but divided from it by the broad interspace of the Square, was a street which also greatly attracted me. It was the object of my first walk, within an hour or so of our arrival. On the left, a few steps along the street, you reach the Dopper Church, where President Kruger was accustomed to preach; and immediately opposite is situated the unpretentious though commodious house where he lived. There were the stoep, on which he was wont to sit smoking his pipe and interchanging greetings with his friends, and the lions in marble with which Mr. Rhodes presented him; and inside, the reception-room, strewn with the remnants of some three hundred funeral wreaths, with expressions of sympathy and regret. On the wall is a portrait of the President's familiar head and shoulders, but beneath lie piled-up clouds of golden glory, interspersed between them and the upturned faces of his followers. This was evidently a gift, perhaps the work of some ardent friend. Is it not comforting that for all of us, however great may have been the misunderstandings, and strong the criticisms

which have gathered around our path, there are always some who will only see the best, and preserve it as a sacred heirloom? *Nihil nisi bonum* . . . be it so! Do we not know ourselves too well, to be hard on any man who has played his part and passed where the verdict is irrevocably just?

Our host's beautiful home, Barton Keep, underwent some strange experiences during the war. It was appropriated by the staff-officers, first of Lord Roberts, and then of General Kitchener. In a house on the other side of the road, which we approached by an extensive lawn, and on a table which was shown me, the articles of Peace were signed. My friend's furniture still bears marks of the rough treatment it experienced during those stormy days. The young officers may have come of gentle birth, but truly their tender mercies to unoffending chairs, tables, and such-like were cruel. I should be lacking in historical veracity if I were to say that their memory is cherished with enthusiasm in that part of the world! But what pluck there is in our young Britishers! Not far away was the Boys' High School, where Winston Churchill and a group of officers were detained as prisoners. On the wall is a fine map of Africa, drawn to beguile the tedium of those dreary days, with the positions of the

contending armies in the different engagements carefully indicated; and a gaunt skeleton, life-size, is pointing to the map, apparently uttering the words chalked beneath, "Such is War!" Below three loose boards in one of the rooms—which were kindly removed to enable us to see—three young officers lay for three whole weeks, fed by their companions, till ultimately they effected their escape. Here, too, are the window and wall by which Winston Churchill got away. And yonder are the windows from which the young girls, having learnt the telegraphic code, were able to flash, from day to day, to the imprisoned men the story of what was happening between the contending armies! Not the first time that woman's wit and the stern realities of war have collided, the woman outwitting the gaoler. Rahab tried her hand at something of the same sort.

We had first-rate meetings in the Town Hall, at the first of which Lord Selborne kindly presided and Lord Methuen spoke. He told me, as we chatted together in the retiring-room, that he should criticise some strong sentiments I had expressed at Johannesburg against Sunday Volunteering, which the Government sanctions. In fact, it is practically obligatory, because of the disadvantages and opprobium which have to be encountered by

volunteers who refuse to submit. His Lordship gave utterance to his criticisms with perfect courtesy, and in a manner that no one could resent; but the retort from my point of view was obvious: that in a country where the proportion of white men to black was as 6 to 13½, it was absolutely impossible to hold the country by force. We can only hold it by character, but religion is the bulwark and buttress of morality, and the worship of Sunday is one of the essential bulwarks of religion. Let the moral and religious elements of our rule cease, and our hold of South Africa must vanish like those mirages which arrest the eye of the sailor at sea on calm, clear days.

The meetings grew greatly in power, largely owing to a remarkable experience on my part. I had been preaching on the Monday and Tuesday with apparent earnestness and acceptance, but retired to my room on the Tuesday evening with a deep consciousness of failure. My words seemed to have been as sounding brass, though I had spoken with a considerable measure of enlargement and liberty on the power of the Risen Christ. When I searched for the cause, in much brokenness of heart, it was suddenly shown me that it is impossible for the soul to have an experience of the Resurrection, Ascension, or Pentecost,

unless it has first realised the subjective and inner meaning of the Cross. I knew something of this myself, but began endeavouring to know more of it, that in the power of the Eternal Spirit I might lead others thither. It is not enough to say that Christ died for us; it is peremptory that each believer should take up his own cross; or, rather, that each should see himself already, in the purpose of God, nailed to the cross of Christ. Thus a new element entered my preaching, which proved to be of inestimable value in the experience of many. I learnt to count on it as an invariable rule that if the laws of the soul's true life and growth were rigidly adhered to in my successive addresses, and if no fresh steps were taken until the preceding one had been experienced, by the end of the week the majority of those who were in earnest would enter that full-orbed spiritual experience which is among the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him. Night after night the great hall was crowded; we had fine Men's Meetings in the railway sheds; and there were many proofs of the Divine blessing. They said that we had two thousand natives present in the open air, as I spoke to them on successive Sunday afternoons. My words were translated, first into

Zulu and then into the ordinary dialect of the country.

During the week I had several private conversations with gentlemen who had taken some pains to see me. Mr. A. H. Malan came to tell of the Stollburg Institute, Heilbron, Orange River Colony, under the principalship of Rev. Andrew Murray Hofmeyr (a remarkable conjunction of names), where young natives are being trained for work in their own divisions of the country under white missionaries. "What a pity it is," he remarked, "that there is not more co-operation in such an institution, so that all the Churches might have shares in it, and reap the results!" It was much in his heart also, to urge me to use my influence to induce the Churches to refrain from overlapping in their work among the natives. He exaggerated my power, but I do hope that this result may be yet achieved—and already steps have been taken in this direction—when the Federation of Church Councils shall have assumed a definite shape. The delimitation of frontiers is vital to the success of missionary enterprise. It is heartbreaking to see the undue multiplication of small causes.

We had the opportunity of an interview with General Botha, who was extremely friendly,

and interested in our personal reminiscences of his sister's wedding. As the House of Assembly was in session, we were able to listen to a debate, and several distinguished men were pointed out. The air was full of discussion on the retrenchments which were taking place in the Civil Service; but of these I need not treat, as I see the matter is being threshed out in the British House of Commons.

The other measure which was viewed with the gravest concern was "the Squatters' Bill." Under the present conditions families of natives are allowed to settle on farms, it being understood that they render service to the farmer in lieu of rent at harvest times and whenever there is extra pressure. The system has on the whole worked smoothly; and some 600,000 natives are living in this way. In this Bill however, introduced by the Government, it is practically proposed that the number of families on a given farm shall be reduced to five, and that the remainder shall be evicted. It is estimated—and I am quoting from the letter sent by the Land Owners' Association to the Native Affairs Department—that the native population which would be displaced by this measure would amount to 300,000 or 400,000, owning approximately 300,000

head of large stock, and over 1,000,000 of small stock; and that to enable them to live under conditions as favourable as those in which they are now situated, would require an area of not less than 5,000,000 acres of land to be set apart for their use. No such provision of land, however, is contemplated; and the effect would therefore be to oblige all these tens of thousands of people to wander over the colony in search of a permanent abode, or to crowd into the native locations, which are already, in many cases, overcrowded and exposed to heart-breaking evils.

If the natives, thus dispossessed, could obtain land, by sale or lease, in a village or township, or if they could work a large farm on the communal system, it would not be so great a hardship, because many of them are rich enough to adopt either of these courses. But such options are expressly prohibited by other clauses in the Bill; and the fear is entertained by many that it is intended to bring drastic pressure to bear on the natives, forcing them to become farm labourers—hewers of wood and drawers of waters—instead of encouraging them to become small landowners and farmers. Public opinion needs to be reminded from time to time that in 1881 the Royal Commission informed the natives that they would be

allowed to buy land, and that in 1905 the Supreme Court decided that a native might hold land in the Transvaal in his own name; it is therefore urged that the present proposals are a distinct reversal of an understanding to which the Imperial Government has been a party, and which cannot be set aside without reference to the British Parliament.

Similar opinions are expressed with respect to the vexed question of native representation. In the Vereeniging Treaty, which brought the late war to a conclusion, these two articles affecting the granting of franchise to men other than Europeans were incorporated:—

Article 7.—"Military administration in the Transvaal and Orange River Colony will, at the earliest date possible, be succeeded by civil government, and as soon as circumstances permit, representative institutions leading up to self-government will be introduced."

Article 8.—"The question of granting the franchise to natives will not be decided until after the introduction of self-government."

It is argued from these premises that the British Government has reserved to itself the right to make stipulations for some kind of native representation, and that the honour of the Empire and the security of justice and freedom demand that they hold their ground.

If in the ordinary course of events it is necessary for the British Government to defer action until the results of its recent gift of self-government become more apparent, it cannot finally evade the obvious inference from the foregoing articles, that at some time or other, and in some form or other, native representation shall be conceded. Events may, however, mature more rapidly than the most far-sighted politician can foresee, and the consent of the British Government may be asked very soon to some basis of Unification or Federation. But in that case, so far at least as these two States are concerned, the Government will be clearly within its rights in insisting that native representation shall be somehow conceded. Not to do so, it is held, would expose the British people to the charge of having proved unworthy of the confidence which the natives have always reposed in the Great White King. Most earnestly and repeatedly, by good men, who have no personal aim to serve, the hope has been expressed that the British Government will not give their assent to any form of closer union without insisting that the millions of these coloured races shall have some form or other of native representation conceded to them. The case has been stated by more than one in this way. Of course, the supremacy of the white man is

absolutely essential to the peace and prosperity of South Africa. No abstract reasoning about the equality of all men can be permitted to imperil that supremacy. If there were any alteration, to make the scale waver, there would be an outbreak of the wildest passions. The white man has made the country what it is. Beneath his rule the native is at least secured from those tribal wars which, to use an expressive phrase of one of them, made it impossible to sleep at night; and the white generations, as they come successively to power, must be taught the art of wise and strong government. But surely this is not inconsistent with granting some kind of suffrage to educated and civilised natives, guarded by whatever restrictions experience and common-sense may dictate. The government must rest on the shoulders of white people in the future, as in the present; and those who create ambitions among the natives, which might spell disaster, incur a heavy responsibility. But surely the responsibility is not less on those who think that they can hold the native down for ever. Let it be borne in mind that already the natives contribute no less than £500,000 to the funds of the Transvaal Government; they are conscious of their power, and will not be permanently ignored.

The story of Cape Colony is quoted as cast-

ing light on the problem. Formerly the native wars were incessant, racial hatred dominant and internecine, racial hostility ruining the whole land. But when constitutional government was granted in 1872, Sir Saul Solomon impressed upon the constitution the concession of equal rights for all classes of people. This was the inauguration of a new epoch in the relations between the whites, the coloured people, and the natives. From that time conflicts with the natives have ceased; and there has been presented for the last thirty-five years the spectacle of a loyal and united people.

The late Cecil Rhodes, who is said to have thought in the future as well as in continents, laid down the formula, "Equal rights for all civilised people from the Zambesi to Cape Town." This is endorsed by Lord Milner, with emphasis on the word "civilised."

Dr. Jameson has repeatedly said that he adheres to Mr. Rhodes's declaration and would not purchase closer union at the cost of tampering with this.

Mr. Merriman, in his first speech during the present elections, affirmed that the Cape Colony had adopted the right principle, and the only one by which great native populations can be successfully governed. The South African Commission of 1903–5 agreed to the principle

of native representation, though suggesting a somewhat involved plan of obtaining it. The argument is clinched by the great words of Charles James Fox, when supporting Burke's famous speech on the Conciliation of the North American Colonies, now the United States: "Representation is the sovereign remedy for every evil."

It is not, however, the lack of representation alone, but disabilities that vex the natives, especially the educated and civilised, most keenly. The Town Council has passed regulations forbidding them to ride with white people on the trams. Natives must confine themselves to the occasional car which runs for coloured people only. They must not walk in the general park, or buy stamps in the general hall of the Post Office, or walk on the side pavements of the streets. They must ride in the special compartment of the railway marked "Coloured." An ordained minister I heard of was frequently refused a second-class ticket on a Sunday morning, when going to perform duty, and in consequence his congregation was repeatedly left without a minister. The native does not seek social equality. He prefers to dwell among his own people. But it is the pin-pricks of daily life, the kicks and curses that he gets from his fellow-workmen, which enter into his soul like

iron. "Everybody in the office kicks our Kaffir," said a draughtsman recently. "Why? Is he specially dull, stupid, or impudent?" "On the contrary, he is unusually bright, intelligent, and obedient." "Then why do they do it?" "Just for the fun of the thing," was the reply. "Then what does he say about it?" "Just grins and bears it."

There are, of course, hundreds of exceptions [as, for instance, with my host and hostess], but there is a considerable amount of this sowing of dragon's teeth, with its inevitable harvest. Lord Selborne has always shown himself a true friend of the native races, but until the viewpoint from which the white people regard them is radically altered, even the Governor of the Transvaal can effect comparatively little.

These discussions gave point to enlightening conversations which I enjoyed with two members of the House of Assembly. Mr. W. Wyberg, who makes a gallant fight against his deafness, is a keen politician and good speaker. He was strong in recommending that the native populations should be segregated in States by themselves, and allowed large measures of self-government under British Commissioners. He gave me a *brochure* of his on the subject, which has been favourably noticed in several quarters, but I have only thus much space to notice its main

proposal. Mr. A. B. Helm gave me graphic personal reminiscences of President Kruger and General Joubert, on the eve of the war, which to some future historian of the cross-currents of those memorable days would be invaluable. As one who has spent all his life among the natives, he spoke in the warmest way of them, not extenuating their faults, but eloquent in his appreciation of their good points. If, he told me, one of his household does wrong, he is given the option of going before the magistrate or being taken home to his chief or father. For the most part natives prefer that their master should deal with the case out-of-hand. Whilst they keenly resent the least suspicion of injustice, they greatly respect, and become greatly devoted to, those who administer the chastisement, which, in their heart, they know they have merited. This is a remnant of the old tribal government of the chiefs.

One of my warm friends and supporters at Pretoria was Rev. W. Bosman, the minister of the Dutch Reformed Church there for twenty or twenty-five years. It was at his instance that several of his brethren from different parts of the Colony were led to attend the meetings. We supped with him on the eve of his jubilee; and it was a real pleasure for me to be able to propose on the following day that the meeting

should accord him the united congratulations of his fellow-Christians, in the form of an illuminated address. To this I was asked, with others, to append my signature.

As the entire situation unfolded I gathered that it might be advantageous for us to have a frank discussion on the relations which should subsist between the various Evangelical Churches of a given city ; and I took it on me to ask the brethren of various Churches in the Church Council, and outside of it, to meet in the Town Hall to talk the matter out. The brethren did me the honour of placing me in the chair, and the following points met with general approval. I set them down here as suggestions. (1) That where a family clearly belongs to any Christian community it be understood that the ministers and members of the other Churches should not visit the house, except under special circumstances, with regard to which the minister of the Church where the family generally attends should be informed. (2) That the rites of any one Church should not be administered to the members of another, so long as they are under discipline. (3) That children who have been in the habit of attending a given Sunday School should not be received into another Sunday School in the same town, except they bring with them a letter signed by the superintendent or

other officer of the school they are leaving. (4) That all misunderstandings should be referred to a board of friendly arbitration. Nothing hinders the work of the Spirit of Christ more than unseemly bickerings and misunderstandings between His professing followers. When the Spirit of Pentecost descended, no man said that what he had was his own. They rejoiced in each other's successes, and suffered in each other's failures. When will each Church learn to do likewise, and to view the additions or losses of some neighbouring Christian body as its own?

Much else took place, such as my visit to the Young Women's Christian Association; the Sunday School Teachers' Conference; the Baptist luncheon; and a memorable gathering at the Normal School. The ten days passed all too quickly, and on Tuesday afternoon, June 23rd, we started for Ladysmith, thankful to be provided, through the kind thought of our friends, with a sleeping-coach, by which to travel undisturbed till 10 a.m. on the following morning.

CHAPTER VII

LADYSMITH

THE more one considers the natural features of this memorable spot, surrounded on all sides by a fringe of mountains and hills, the more incredible does it appear that it should have held out for those 119 memorable days from November 2, 1899, until March 1, 1900. It lies in the hollow of two saucers, and though the inner circle of hills gave an admirable opportunity for defence, yet as the Boers held the higher eminences, they were easily able to harass the town. The clock-tower of the Town Hall, where we held our meetings, still bears the marks of a shell, which carried away some of the stonework. Everywhere shells are kept as the mementoes of the siege. We have brought one home with us. Fifteen thousand were poured in by day and night, most of them weighing 96 lbs. and filled with bullets. They were thrown from a distance of five miles; if

they missed their aim they buried themselves 9 feet in the ground. The principal hotel was penetrated by a shell that has left its track from roof to basement, and many private houses are in a similar predicament.

As I write these words I am sitting on a breastwork, crowning some heights which overlook the town from the north, and were held by a company of the 5th Dragoons. It was thrown up, with several more adjacent ones, to furnish protection for the soldiers. They are now absolutely deserted, except for the tiny green lizards that bask on the stones in the hot sun, and a mild-eyed rat-like creature, which comes out to look at me. The silence is absolute, save for the droning of the insect life, awakened for a brief hour or so, but soon to be silenced by the cold night air. How different this solitude to the grim and stern realities of war, of which these breastworks and yonder obelisk bear witness! Yet the spot seems peopled with the tender thoughts of relatives and friends, who probably each day tread these slopes with a love that the strong waters of death cannot quench.

Before me are the Waggon Hill and Cæsar's Camp, on which I can descry three more obelisks to the officers and men who fell there in one of the most desperate encounters

of the war. Some ten miles beyond one can descry Spion Kop; and beyond, on the horizon, is the noble Drakensberg range, a mighty wall without a break, the summits of which are white with great plains of snow. On my left, five miles away, across the town, are the heights where the Boers posted their Long Tom, which poured an incessant rain of explosives upon the houses and public buildings; and still closer on my left is the hill which a party of one hundred resolute men stormed one night, spiking a gun which had caused enormous damage. One of them spoke to me, and described their careful, silent climb, until they rushed the camp, driving the garrison before them, and rendering the cannon useless.

In yonder valley lies Colenso, where General Buller received so severe a check, and there, twelve or fifteen miles away, are the heights which he stormed, and came in sight of his goal—this town which he started to relieve. But he was not to win the coveted prize then; and only after weary weeks had passed, and thousands of valuable lives had been sacrificed, did he meet Sir George White on the road in which our host's house stands, just opposite the stoep.

One writes of those movements and counter-movements in a calm, cold-blooded manner,

but what a contrast is presented by the memorials raised to their dead by British or Dutch! Visit, for instance, as we have done so recently, the English church, enlarged to make room for the crowded names of some 3,200 men, most of them young or in the prime of life, who died on the British side. Long lists of names cover the chancel walls; tender inscriptions glimmer through the stained glass of the handsome windows in the transepts and nave. The beautiful pulpit of cedar was presented by the mother of Captain Valentine; whilst the uniform of Major Woodgate forms the pulpit cloth, embroidered with gold thread by hands which had often been clasped in his.

In Sir Charles Napier's account of Corunna he tells how he was standing by Sir John Moore when a round-shot tore off the leg of a 42nd man, "who screamed horribly, and rolled about so as to excite agitation and alarm among others." The General said: "This is nothing, my lads; keep your ranks; take that man away; my good fellow, don't make such a noise; we must bear these things better." Here is a glimpse into some of the tragedies of war, of which we think so little when we move our little blue and red flags backwards and forwards on the map, and talk dispassionately in easy-chairs.

The words of an eye-witness are more eloquent than anything I can write. These are some of them:—". . . It is interesting to move the little flag an eighth of an inch forward. But some of us remember that starlight morning, the rattle of the chains as the guns went by, the dull rumble of the wheels, the plodding tramp of fours upon a soft road, the checks, the grounding arms, the low voices of men going into action, the first streak of light that showed the long brown serpent lying along the hills, the whirr of the first shell; we see again the great white puff of smoke from the hill-top, men falling flat for shelter, the glare of blazing orange in the middle of the street, the front of the Scottish store suddenly blown out, making one remark how jolly it was to see shops open again. . . . The column turned out to take part in the pursuit; faces pallid and hollow, every bone visible through the skin, legs bent on the march or at the halt like a broken-kneed cab-horse's; uniforms torn and black, trousers patched with socks, feet bare. Every few minutes the men halted for rest. Every hundred yards one fell down or dragged himself on all-fours into the rocks. The artillery horses that had been kept alive struggled feebly up the road, tugging at the

chains. From every side arose the stupefying smell of horses that had cheated the soup cauldrons by starvation. Doubled together with dysentery, twisted with rheumatism, green with hunger, we crawled out at the word of command. . . . Then for the sufferings of the beasts. Sixteen oxen went to a load, and twenty-two for the big guns. Knee-deep in sand, they ploughed their way, the wheels often hidden to the axle. In front a Kaffir guided the span, another held the ropes upon the wagon, a third walked beside with an enormous rawhide whip. If a wagon stuck all the Kaffirs lashed the living hides into great lines and gashes. The oxen bellowed and groaned, writhing backwards and forwards, trying in vain to tear themselves from the yokes, many rolled over dead of pain and terror; many lay down, and let man do his worst. These were shot or pole-axed, and others took their places. But usually, when the torture reached a certain point, the wagon moved. . . . At night the men sleep with their faces to the stars, but before the stars are pale they are roused again and given hot drink and a piece of bread to hearten them for the work now coming. The order to fall in comes; they take a last gulp, utter a last curse, snatch up the rifle, and hurry away with the rest, for

the strength of an army, like the power in mechanics, is estimated by multiplying the mass by the rapidity."[1]

Those words give so vivid a picture of what happened in these streets and on these roads during the siege that I can do no other than set them down. Ponder them, my readers, and then join with that ever-growing body of men and women who will never rest until war is no more and its apparatus shall be relegated to our museums with the specimens of a vanished geological age.

Around me and below are kopjes and the veldt, threaded by the grass pathways to the kraals, trodden by hundreds of bare feet. In the distance I descry the forms of the natives —mostly women—as they go to and fro, carrying their produce to the town or returning to their homes. What do they think of it all? They are the descendants of a great and, from some aspects, a noble race. Those who know them best speak of them with profound affection and respect; but I have been repeatedly informed that it is almost impossible to fathom the recesses of their minds. They are a deeply-pondering people—what do they think of us? Their own forefathers were warriors, and fought on these same hills in the old bygone days.

[1] *The Nation*, May 23, 1908.

A KAFFIR VILLAGE.

Do their children think that, after all, there is little to choose between the old heathenism and the religion of Jesus Christ? Christianity, at least apparently, has no power to keep men who profess to love the same Saviour from doing their best to destroy each other.

One picture comes before me of a scene that happened after this. We were the guests of my dear brother, Dr. P. G. Meiring, and his wife at the Paarle. Every kindness that wit of man or woman could devise had been showered on us. We had reached the last morning of our stay. It was the birthday of the eldest child—a sweet girl. Her place at the breakfast-table was covered with presents and flowers. We had given her our loving wishes, had joined in the glad excitement and laughter, had knelt in family prayer, and, though I could only catch words here and there of the Dutch as the father read Psalm cxxi. and prayed, I knew that he was speaking to God about the child, and asking for her what any of us British parents would ask. I joined as well as I could, and when we rose from our knees, with some moisture in our eyes, I said, "Dear friend, however did your people and mine come to fight each other? We are so close akin and all the best in your family life is ours also!" We pressed close to each

other that day, saying, "Well, at any rate, it must never be again."

I have no space to describe the meetings with which the afternoons and evenings were crowded, nor of the friendships which we formed, and which, I think, will stand time's test, but I would specially record the great courtesy of the mayor and of our host and hostess. So we left the little town, called after the wife of Sir Harry Smith, a former Governor of Cape Colony, whom he rescued from infuriated soldiers during the Peninsular War and then married. War has its love-stories as well as its tragedies!

CHAPTER VIII

PIETERMARITZBURG

WE reached this city, the seat of government for Natal, as the schools were breaking-up for the winter holidays, and there was a universal exodus to the seaside. Durban is only forty miles distant, and at this season is delightful, and all around the coast lovely little nooks are being opened up by the railway, where stretches of sand, lagoons of water, and charming marine residences afford a delightful change from town and city life. Many additional trains were being despatched daily to carry the eager crowds of tourists to their chosen destinations, much as at Home we have it in July and August. It was not an ideal time, therefore, for a Mission, but all turned out well in the end. We received a warm welcome on the station platform, notably from Sir Henry and Lady Bale, the Lord Chief Justice and his wife, whom we were to

meet again in their beautiful Durban home. The mayor and many others—ministers, laymen, and ladies—gathered round with bouquets and greetings. Our host and hostess were among the leading citizens—he having been a member of the late Government—and this afforded an introduction to the leading people of the city, beside yielding opportunities for becoming acquainted with the inside view of the questions then agitating the Natalians.

It is a fine city. All these old Dutch foundations proceed on the same general principle of broad streets at right angles to each other, with pretty suburbs, the houses in which are generally of a single storey, standing in gardens and surrounded by the usual stoep. The public offices—notably the Town Hall, Assembly Buildings, Council Chambers, Museum, Post Office—vindicate its claim to be the capital city. Several handsome statues occupy commanding sites—one to our late Queen, another to the heroes who fell in the Zulu War, and a very striking one to the memory of one of the best friends that the natives ever had, Sir Theophilus Shepstone, and to which they contributed £250.

The services were held in the Town Hall, an imposing building which cost £100,000. It seats two thousand persons, possesses one of

the finest organs in South Africa, and is an admirable auditorium. For the first night or two the audiences made me anxious, but faith and prayer conquered, as in my inner heart I believed from the first they would. The congregations grew, until every seat was occupied, and as I look back on that Mission it strikes me as one of the best, and this in spite of the large numbers who had left the city, belonging to the very class that would have contributed my best helpers. We had such a delightful children's meeting that I was obliged to fix another for those who were really serving Christ. By a happy providence also it had been arranged that the annual meetings of the missionaries of various societies at work in Zululand should synchronise with our meetings, so that I was able to address them all on one memorable morning, and they so timed their gatherings as to be able to attend ours also. The ministers and members of Council were particularly kind and brotherly, and a fragrant memory of it all lingers in my heart.

One of the burning questions on every one's lips was the payment of Dinizulu's salary during the interval that he was awaiting trial. The king was, of course, in the city prison, and some of my friends were eager that I should

visit him; but it did not seem wise to fall in with the suggestion, partly because in a single interview it would have been impossible to win his confidence, and, secondly, because it might have excited hopes which could, at that stage, only have ended in disappointment. I am glad that an understanding has been arrived at between H.M. Government and the Natal Ministry, and that there is no need for me to enter further into the question. I may add my strong satisfaction that his defence has been consigned to my friend Hon. T. P. Schreiner, one of the strongest men in South Africa, Premier of the Cape Government during the war, and sprung from a noble family which has always stood for justice to the native races.

We were honoured with a call from Miss Colenso, who has devoted her life to the study of native questions. In these later years she has vehemently espoused Dinizulu's cause, and it is refreshing to see one in elderly life following the debates in the House with untiring patience, and sparing neither money nor pains. When I was there she challenged the Premier of Natal, Mr. Moor, to investigate the following charges against the action of the native police in putting down the recent rising: She said, "I enclose eleven sworn statements describing thirty-one cases, two of these victims being girls who

were made to lie on the ground to be thrashed, besides those of two women chased and driven by mounted men till their unborn babes were done to death, and in the case of Nomizi, the mother killed as well. Among other victims were small boys, mere children, and an aged man, father of the acting chief."

It is on this demand for investigation that the *Times of Natal*, one of the most influential supporters of the Government, appeals to the Premier to fulfil his promise of inquiry, and goes on to say :—

"We all know that war cannot be waged with kid gloves on, but there are recognised limits to its inevitable brutalities, and there was not even the excuse of war on this occasion. . . . As for the things which are said to have been done in the Vryheid district, we repeat that in the light of the sworn statements obtained by Miss Colenso a searching inquiry should be made. We do not want it to go forth that old men, women and girls are beaten in Natal, or that we flog people in order to force them to give evidence. If these statements are true the perpetrators of the outrages, if within reach, should be brought to book. We were reliably informed at the time of the Vryheid operations that wandering patrols of 'scallywags' were visiting kraals, and doing

their best to goad the natives into rebellion. In some cases troopers were paying off old scores with compound interest. Whatever the motives, martial law and the M.C.R. were responsible for some unpleasant occurrences, and the officer commanding and the individual who advised the formation of the M.C.R. cannot escape responsibility, although not personally cognisant of, nor responsible for, the improper acts of subordinates."

More than once I heard very grave allegations against the native police, but for the putting down of the rebellion, men of absolutely worthless character were enlisted and trusted with practically unlimited authority; and probably the character of the native police has been demoralised and themselves implicated through association with some of the filthiest scum of South Africa, for whose doings they are blamed.

What may be done, apart from such harsh measures, by the fair treatment of natives, appears in the report of a deputation which was commissioned by the Department for Native Affairs to observe the operation of the Glen Grey Act, as applied to the Transkei district, in Cape Colony. Rev. F. Bridgman was one of the three Commissioners, and to me, therefore, there was special interest in this

report, which has been deemed to be of such value that it has been published at the public cost.

It would take too long to detail the conditions which have made the Transkei, once the seat of continual war, raiding, and massacre, one of the most peaceable and prosperous parts of South Africa; but the following are the salient points. The natives are permitted to hold allotments of eight acres of land for 15s., with security of tenure and the right of succession from father to son, according to native custom. In some cases, the holdings run up to twenty, thirty, or forty acres; also plots of land are reserved in each location for communal purposes. The locations enjoy the right of choosing representatives to serve on the General Council, which meets under the presidency of the resident magistrates, and deals with district and other rates. For instance, the Transkei Council, largely composed of natives, spends £14,000 per annum on primary schools, in addition to the regular Government grant, as against £7,500 spent by the Natal Government for all native education in Natal and Zululand combined. They have spent £10,000 on the Isolo agricultural school, established three years ago, and have just voted £3,000 for the establishment of another agricultural school. The striking improvement in the breed of

stock and in agricultural methods, as a direct result of this policy, in the words of Mr. Bridgman, "has amply justified the expenditure." It should not be forgotten that these funds were raised by the natives themselves through the general rate, which was really self-imposed. He has also pointed out that whereas in Natal and Zululand the white people were so wedded to the old methods of governing the natives through native chiefs and under the tribal system, hedging them round with mysterious powers which nobody could understand, it was refreshing to find that in the Transkei there was no supreme chief nor native chiefs, no tribal system, no native code, and no panic. Among 30,000 population in one district, there are only one European together with six to eight native constables. It is not to be wondered at that the proximity of such a native paradise as this makes the Zulu population in Natal restless.

Before leaving the question of the position of the native chiefs, I would like to call attention to a pamphlet by Rev. Frederick Mason, a universally respected Methodist minister in Durban, who has spent his life in the study of this subject. He says: "After many years of thought, I have long since reached the conclusion that the tribal system, or the plan of governing the natives through their chiefs,

should be gradually and carefully brought to an end. No doubt this will now be a difficult thing to accomplish; but while this system lasts substantial and general progress is impossible. It was first introduced by the Imperial Government sixty years ago. For the time being it appeared the easiest and safest way, but its ultimate issues were either undiscerned or disregarded. All the native wars and rebellions in South Africa have been due, directly or indirectly (as a rule, directly), to the chiefs, and without them would not have attained any importance." He argues that this system may work well in Basutoland, because it is a purely native state, and in quite a different position to any of the South African colonies; and even there he questions if ultimately it will prove to be the wisest policy, largely because of the character of the chiefs themselves. He quotes a large number of authorities who support his views, such as Sir George Grey, Sir Bartle Frere, Sir Henry Elliott, and Mr. Justice Beaumont. He suggests that in place of the chiefs some kind of native representation should be substituted, and from a conversation I had with him I think he would favour something of the nature of the measure already alluded to, but shorn of its objectionable features.

In his remarkable book, *The Zulu in Three Tenses*, Mr. Robert Plant, Inspector of Schools, goes further, and urges the conferring of the franchise on natives, under very severe restrictions, to be forfeited if those conditions were not maintained. He says: "Who is there that knows this people well who does not know that there are scores of them incomparably better qualified to vote on political subjects than many Europeans to whom the right is conceded? I, for one, am persuaded that no fairly earned political or social privilege will ever be given to this people that will not be paid back by them with loyal service and hearty response. But the reward should be personal to those individuals, and to those only, who have come up to the mark laid down. To give such liberties to the native people as a whole would be a terrible mistake, but freely and fully to give them to men of proved character and signal ability would be not only just, but in the highest degree politic; and I am convinced that they would be very seldom abused."

An instance of what may be done in the way of native communal farming is afforded in a track of country in Natal itself, some 14 miles north of Ladysmith. In 1867 a syndicate, composed of Christian natives who had saved

a little money, purchased a farm named Driefontein, 7,500 acres in extent, and then the adjoining farm of Kleinfontein, 8,800 acres. In 1879 a third, in 1882 a fourth, in 1883 a fifth, in 1892 a sixth farm was added, so that today this syndicate, whose membership has been greatly augmented, owns a solid block of land of about 37,400 acres in extent, bought from private owners. The business matters of each farm are placed in the hands of a committee, elected annually. Polygamy is prohibited throughout the whole settlement. Every encouragement is given to the adoption of civilised modes of living, and all children must attend day-schools. They support six places of worship and five Government schools, with a total attendance of between four hundred and five hundred children. Surely such a settlement is a pledge of peace; and if similar centres were multiplied they would do more than anything else to solve the native question and promote the commercial prosperity of the country. In the light of such a fact, says Mr. Plant, it is sheer idiocy to talk of religion and education as likely to spoil the natives. No, it is what they see of the vices of white men that is eating out the heart of a race now in its adolescence but possessing the elements of a strong and noble growth.

It is his judgment, also, and many shrewd men with whom I have come in contact agree, that one of the most outstanding features of good government is not to drive the natives into locations or towns, where they become a low caste of helots, but to encourage their self-respect. Let lads be instructed, and encouraged in some of the simpler arts, such as brick-making, stone-dressing, brick-work ; or let them be taught how to cultivate small plots productively. There need be no fear of their trenching on the work of the European. All the higher branches of skilled labour will remain easily in the hands of the white man ; whilst the more needs you create in the native the larger will be his demand for the best productions of European manufacture and the greater his efforts by his labour to augment his purchasing power.

One memorable morning two of the ministers and I went off to visit a neighbouring kraal. We took the 8.30 a.m. train to Sweet Waters, and walked for twenty minutes over the veldt till we came in sight of our goal. A kraal consists of a circle of huts—there were *seven* in this one—enclosed within a strong stockade or fence made of poles and brushwood or stones, with a rude gate that can be fastened at night. The huts are placed irregularly, but their doors face in the same direction. The hut is a round,

KAFFIR KRAALS AND NATIVES.

dome-shaped building made by inserting saplings in a circular trench some 6 inches deep. The diameter of the circle will generally be about 15 feet. This framework is covered over with grass. The roof is supported by two or more upright poles and thatched. The doorway is low and small, compelling those who enter to stoop or go in on their knees. It is closed by a removable wicker-door. The floor is made of clay and smoothed over two or three times a week with cow-dung, which is kept pure and sanitary by repeated rubbing with a smooth stone. There are no compartments or divisions inside the hut. Just opposite the door and about 3 feet from it is a circular rim of clay where a fire of cow-dung or wood is kindled, when it is cold, the smoke being allowed to find its own way out and making the hut ebony-black. At the back of the hut are the vessels, cooking utensils, &c. The natives sleep on mats of dried grass spread on the floor, and with the slightest possible drapery thrown over them.

We were hospitably welcomed by the old native whose kraal it was. He had five wives, each living in her own hut. The enclosure was alive with little naked boys and girls running about among a number of mongrel dogs and fowls. The cattle are also gathered into its safe keeping for the night. The women were

covered with the usual blanket, with the babes caught up in some mysterious fashion in its folds, either on their hips or at their back. One of the wives allowed us to enter her hut; she was sitting on the ground beside some dying embers suckling her babe. An elder girl with bead-work round her loins was helping her, and the two were much amused at our interest in their sleeping and other arrangements. We conversed through the medium of the minister accompanying me in my explorations. His acquaintance with Zulu, of course, put them all at their ease and made the visit much more interesting. The bed mats were rolled out on the floor as at night; the simple household vessels were brought out on show; and a piece of silver at the close of the visit gave infinite satisfaction. We then proceeded to bargain with the husband for an assegai, which I bought for 2s. 6d. After further talk with the whole family, who viewed me, when they heard that I had seen the Great White King, with amazed awe and wonder, we threaded our way through a little brake of original bush, and came out on the mealie field which the women had cultivated. This, with goat's milk, practically supplies their simple needs.

The natives do not spend much on dress. For the men a piece of skin about 18 inches

wide by 18 inches long hangs from the waist in front and a similar piece behind, and a blanket when not at work; for girls a fringe of grass or bead-work 6 inches in depth around the loins; for married women a dress of ox-hide, well rubbed with fat, and long enough to go round the body. But their beautiful glossy skins, even with such scanty clothes, always make the natives appear well-dressed In my judgment their simple natural clothing is much to be preferred to the wretched patched garments in which so many of them appear in European settlements. The native thinks nothing of a dress that is not well patched. It is ludicrous in the extreme to see the coats and trousers of some of them, it being almost impossible to determine what was the original material. The carriage of the women is perfect, probably as the result of transporting their pitchers and other heavy weights on their heads. On one or two occasions, when young girls lacked the queenly grace of their race, I discovered that they were wearing high-heeled boots, after the fashion of "the white misses!" It was really monstrous to think that they were sacrificing their noble pose for the monstrosities of our civilisation. *O tempora, O mores!* What possible object is served by those boots, either for whites or blacks?

The native is a very happy individual. One missionary told me that in his travels in the interior he would come on great kraalfuls of people, men, women, and children, dancing in the moonlight. When at work, carrying loads, or journeying for a long distance, they will make a curious musical sound, which might be described as singing. They are profuse in gesticulations; every native is a born orator; and as one watches them together the conclusion is inevitable that they are very keen in appreciating humour. Their morals are of a much higher order than I expected. True, a man may have as many wives as he can pay for—ten bullocks being the ordinary price; but for most of the marriages there has been a previous attraction between the man and woman. Marriage is a very intricate and formal ceremony, and infidelity is punished by death. When, on one occasion, I was venting my objections to polygamy, they frankly asked me whether it was not preferable to what they heard was permitted on our London streets!

By nature a native is very courteous in his address and language to his superiors, and this is the more to be wondered at when we remember with how scant civility natives are often treated, even by small white children. My

blood has often boiled to hear the haughty, irritating way in which many people address them. The testimony, on the other hand, of any man who treats the native as a human being, giving his orders plainly and civilly, is that he is uniformly civil and obedient. Of course, he must be kept up to his work, and must be made to respect his master, as in the old time his chief; but there is no inconsistency between resoluteness and virility and that innate refinement which ever respects the nature of another. We could not help laughing when, in one hotel, a native waitress set a plate of pork before a rich young Jew, who had insulted her, saying that all the rest of the dishes were "off."

It is not fair to take the lazy, dirty, immoral natives that prowl about the European settlements as specimens of their race. They are the products of our own debased manners. The more thoughtful natives have penetrated the veneer of European civilisation, and have become afraid of its taint upon their children. The chance of securing native girls of decent character as general servants is becoming less and less. The spectacle of the ruin wrought by the white man on the lives of many whom they have known alarms them. Now they are saying, "There are some white Christians, and you may sometimes meet one; but you must

be quite sure that you have found one before you trust your daughter to enter his service."

"Quite naturally," says Mr. Plant, "they have become acquainted with the lowest types of European, for to these they are nearest, and we have fallen very greatly in their esteem. The idols are still there, but they have proved to be hollow."

A walk of four miles brought us back to the city much refreshed. Thus the days passed by. We had vigorous over-tea conferences at the magnificent Young Men's Christian Association buildings; were kindly welcomed and fêted in many directions; and finally left the city, with the consciousness that God had fulfilled His promise, and had done for us far more exceedingly above what we had asked or thought.

CHAPTER IX

THE IFAFA CONVENTION

BETWEEN the Missions at Pietermaritzburg and Durban I was able to sandwich a visit to the Annual Native Convention of the American Zulu Mission. This is one of the strongest and healthiest of the native Missions, and its present position is very largely attributable to the splendid leadership of my friend Rev. F. B. Bridgman, whom I mentioned in a former chapter as having been selected for a mission of inquiry on behalf of the Government into the Transkei system of dealing with the native population.

Ifafa, where this convention of native Christians was held, is situated at a distance of three hours' railway journey south of Durban, along the lovely coast, indented with beautiful creeks and bays, where villas and seaside resorts are arising at all the more picturesque points, and multitudes of children and young

people disport themselves beside the lagoons and upon the soft, white sands. On reaching the nearest station to the place of meeting a startling number of natives left the train, and we met an equally large crowd. The whole party started to climb, mostly in single file, the steep hills that must have tested the strength of those, women as well as men, who were carrying packages of luggage on their heads. What an effect it would have on women, to say nothing of men, when selecting their costumes, &c., for a holiday tour, to know that they would have to carry every item themselves, and *on their heads!!*

We traversed a noble piece of country, through sugar plantations and patches of woodland, till we came out on the Mission-house and church, situated on the flat summit of a hill covered with bush, and surrounded on all sides by a succession of hills and valleys. On the horizon, eastwards, lay the Indian Ocean, one of the highways of the world. Winter though it was, the sky was a deep blue, the sunshine hot and brilliant, and at noon the temperature was that of our July. The trees were partially divested of leaves, and the grass looked rather dry and sere, but the glorious scarlet of the autumn blossoms flaming here and there gave a dash of glowing colour.

From all parts of Natal some five hundred Christian Zulus had gathered—men and women. Of many of the older ones marvellous stories were told by the missionaries. I was introduced, for instance, to an old man of eighty, who had taken part in Dingan's terrible wars, and bore the scars of three spear wounds. He is now a preacher of the Gospel of Peace. And of most of them similar stories could be told of the transforming grace of God. The visitors from a distance were accommodated in the neighbouring kraals, once heathen, now for the most part Christian, which were dotted over the hills and generally towards their summits. With profound emotion I watched the little groups threading their way through the bush and over the grassy slopes and paths, trodden bare by the feet of successive generations. But how different the sweet sound of the native hymns resounding from hill to hill in the quiet listening air to the fierce war-cries which, in days preceding the arrival of the British, meant outrage, devastation, the enslavement of women, the universal massacre of men!

The leader at this Mission Station is Rev. W. C. Wilcox, who was educated under Dr. Finney at Obertin, and has been in this country for twenty-six years. He has just finished the revision of the Zulu Bible, and is returning

with it to the United States; but there seems some doubt as to whether any one can be spared to take up his work here. There has been no advance in the income of the Society for the last ten years; and this notwithstanding the great increase of its operations! What can be done to tap the resources of the professing Church? She is playing with the question of Missions, instead of straining every nerve to fulfil the parting commission of her Lord. It is hardly doubtful that she possesses wealth enough for all the purposes of Christian Missions, but she is not faithful in its administration, keeping back for herself what was entrusted as a sacred stewardship for her Lord. Several other devoted missionaries were gathered in addition to those I have named; amongst whom I may mention Rev. C. W. Ransom and Rev. C. Maxwell. With these I had delightful intercourse, and was specially interested to hear Mr. Wilcox talk of the noted evangelist and preacher from whom he derived his earliest inspirations. His descriptions of the piercing power of Mr. Finney's speech and the marvellous penetration of his eye were extremely vivid.

The Mission chapel was crowded to suffocation, and many of the red or blanketed Kaffirs stood in the dark of the covering night, listening

at the entrances or outside the opened windows. My first address, of course by interpretation, was on Hindrances to Consecration; the second on the Necessity of being Crucified with Christ. But the most remarkable was the third. It was in the morning of the first day. We had been compelled to adjourn into the open air, as the crowd was so great. Whilst I spoke on the necessity of abandoning our idols, and stripping off the rags of the old life to be buried in the grave of Christ, the Spirit of God seemed to pour in on us like a strong tide. At the close large numbers rose to indicate their desire for full consecration, and we adjourned to the church. There several touching incidents took place. Two quite old women renounced their snuff, of which they were inveterately fond, because they said they felt it robbed them of spiritual power. For the same reason several men, entirely of their own accord, renounced their tobacco; and as a kind of climax a minister, between whom and a deacon there had been some misunderstanding, stood up in the face of the whole assembly, confessed that he had not been without blame in the matter, and passed along the aisle to discover the brother with whom he had been at feud, shaking hands with him and asking forgiveness. After several incidents of this kind we knelt

and solemnly dedicated ourselves to live and die for Christ. My words cannot portray the thrilling interest of the scene, which was witnessed by the heathen, standing around, with wonder and awe. To these children of nature everything is so real and fresh. Themes which by their familiarity have lost their charm for us, to them are as the opening of doors into Paradise. "They shall come from the east and west, and sit down in the Kingdom of Heaven."

Among other incidents connected with that Convention, I can never forget one session, when the representatives of the various native Churches brought up their contributions for the maintenance and extension of Mission work throughout Natal. Out of their deep poverty the abundance of their joy abounded unto the riches of their liberality. It was also very touching, on awaking in the morning, to hear the sounds of strong crying and prayer issuing from the adjoining building, and to learn that a fellowship-meeting had been in progress since four o'clock in the morning. While the Southern Cross was still visible in the heavens, they had arisen and come to seek God.

This attitude of heart towards God was blended with an exquisite courtesy towards man. On the day of arrival I had noticed

that the long train of pilgrims stopped at a general store not far from the Mission Station, and on asking the reason I was told that it was part of Christian etiquette, traceable to an old native custom, for each guest to carry a present of food to the entertaining household. Every one, therefore, was set on purchasing small parcels of grocery, fruit, &c., that none might appear in the welcoming hut empty. I felt very much at home amongst these simple people. The same Divine Spirit which was in them was in me, as the same ocean washes all shores and connects them. They seemed to think it such an honour to shake hands! How absurd that they should think it wonderful that I should give them my white hand, when for their sakes the Greatest gave red blood! God made of one every nation of men to dwell on all the face of the earth.

Travelling home with Mr. Bridgman I learnt, with great regret, how disastrously and permanently their work will be impeded if the Natal Government insists on its recent proposals, that henceforth no native minister be left in charge of a native Church or Mission Station. Many on their staff have been trained in their Institutions, have been tested by long years of service, and have approved themselves to be men of high character and sterling worth, and it

is, to say the very least, a most drastic piece of legislation that fails to distinguish between such men and the crude products of sensational evangelism.

The legislation referred to was suggested by the scare of Ethiopianism, which has acted as a pernicious blight on the ripe results for which the missionaries have toiled so faithfully. Mr. Bridgman knows more of this movement than any one I met on the sub-continent, and it is from him that I obtained the following facts.

To the question, "What are you doing?" the native generally replies, "Oh, I am just staying, just sitting"; and this is characteristic of the physical and intellectual attitude of the African during untold ages. His has been a condition of mere existence. Three generations of missionaries have found the native still satisfied with his favourite occupation of "just sitting." That this condition should continue for ever, in the face of the new spirit breathing through the sub-continent, was impossible. But the change which has come within the last ten or twelve years is so rapid and revolutionising, that it has surprised even those who have had most to do with the transformation. Instead of the don't-care, let-the-missionary-do-it-all spirit, there is now the disposition to say

to the white man, "Hands off; let us plan and do for ourselves." It is this spirit which has given rise to what is known as the Ethiopian movement, which is only to be dreaded when disaffection is abroad, fed by other causes.

The original Ethiopian Church was organised in Pretoria in 1892 by Rev. M. Dwane, a native minister of the Wesleyan Church. It was a racial Church composed of and controlled by Africans. The movement did not attract public attention till 1896, when it was determined to seek affiliation with the African Methodist Episcopal Church in America. Three delegates, of whom Dwane was one, were deputed to go to the United States of America to bring about a union. Dwane alone went, and, early in 1897, returned, having been appointed General-Superintendent of the African Methodist Episcopal Church. In the following year the fusion of the two organisations was declared to be complete. But it was destined to be more apparent than real; for in August, 1908, Dwane and ten thousand followers entered the Anglican Church under the title of the Order of Ethiopia. The remainder, numbering some thousands, remained as the African Methodist Episcopal Church. Bitter complaints have been caused by the manner in which this branch of the Ethiopian movement

has been aggrandising itself at the expense of existing missionary operations. It is stated that their houses of worship are often erected in close proximity to churches long established. Their converts are often drawn from those under discipline or discontented. They pride themselves on "solving the great problem which has baffled the most astute missionary boards of the world."

A paper published in New York, called *The Voice of Missions*, has predicted a time when Africans would "whip" the British back to the Thames, and when the whites in Africa would be bossed by Kaffirs in an African Republic. These sentiments, published during the war, and quoted in the colonial Press, have intensified feeling against the independent native movement, and increased local prejudice against Missions generally. It is, however, only fair to say that the African Methodists at the Cape repudiated these sentiments, publicly avowed their loyalty to the Crown, and begged the editors of *The Voice* to cease dealing with these controversial matters.

To-day there are some nine independent bodies, which boast that in religion, at least, they are no longer "under the boot of Europeans." Disastrous as this subdivision is to the cause of Christ, from another point of

view it is the most hopeful feature of the present situation. If the original movement had remained unbroken in solidarity and undiminished in numbers, undoubtedly it would have been a standing menace to the common weal. But under the present circumstances its divisions and subdivisions are disintegrating it and drawing its teeth. Only strong pressure from without could cause these mutually antagonistic elements to coalesce. Leave them alone, and the spirit of internal dissension and suspicion will reduce their influence for good or evil to the minimum.

Other disintegrating forces are at work. (1) A genuine missionary purpose is conspicuously absent. The aim of Ethiopianism is not to take the Gospel to the heathen, but to form new Churches in the very fields long occupied. It threatens to be the parasite of African Missions. (2) Its influence is on the side of low morals. In order to gain adherents it has compromised with heathenism; discipline has become lax; and high standards of conduct lowered. (3) It has opened its doors to politics, and to *tribal* politics, which, the native being as he is, cannot but still further divide and split the movement.

We need not wonder at the apprehension with which the spread of Ethiopianism was first

viewed. When we recall the striking disparity in the populations, some 4,000,000 natives to 800,000 white, it is obvious that no racial development of this kind can be viewed without alarm. One can easily, therefore, understand the scare which prompted the Government to refuse to allow the placing of native workers on the locations, and to close work already established there. But the American missionaries and others contend that it is ungenerous and impolitic to class *all* native ministers and evangelists together. Surely an exception could be made of those who have approved themselves loyal and trustworthy, and could produce proofs of their genuineness. The consciousness that they are mistrusted produces a very injurious effect upon thoroughly loyal natives, giving them good ground for feeling aggrieved. When you mistrust a man, he is apt to fall to the level which you assign to him.

In conclusion, this seems to be the position:—

1. The dread of Ethiopianism is very largely reduced by the inability of the natives to co-operate and hold together.

2. Whilst the Government does well to watch the movement carefully, it must beware of coercing it, lest by any mistaken policy the native populations should be driven to

stand together in self-defence. This is a time of adolescence, when the native races are beginning to recognise their power, to cultivate new ambitions, and to entertain fresh aspirations and ideals. It is always unwise to repress life; rather allow it to be guided and instructed, so as to make proper use of its God-given power.

3. The missionary cannot be dispensed with. The native Churches urgently require his supervision and direction; but he must be more than ever sympathetic, tactful, and considerate of the sensibilities of those to whom he has to act as adviser and counsellor. Just as a wise father gradually drops the tone of command, to which his young children were expected to give instant and unquestioning obedience, and exchanges it for that of the elder brother and companion, so, though without doubt the earlier days of a blind following of the missionary have passed never to return, they may be succeeded by those of loyalty and affection to a valued counsellor and friend.

CHAPTER X

DURBAN

DURBAN and its suburbs are generally admitted to be among the most beautiful in South Africa, and of late years, in the holiday seasons, large numbers of families and tourists have been attracted from all parts of South Africa to this beautiful watering-place. The business part of the city lies between the sea and the foot of a long and steep ascent, on which the residential portion of the city stands. The streets are wide, the shops would do credit to any of our first-class British towns, and the public buildings are palatial. At the present moment the new Municipal Offices, approaching completion, are among the finest in South Africa. The Pier, the Basin, with accommodation for ships of the heaviest tonnage, the Esplanade, the pleasure resort of the sands, crowded in the season with hundreds of happy children, the rickshaws drawn by handsome and

gaily-decked natives—these are the features which arrest the stranger's attention most strongly and convince him of the enterprise and resource of the Natalians. The contrast in coming from Pretoria and Bloemfontein to Durban is like the transition from an old Dutch town to a thriving, up-to-date, bustling American city. The Durban Corporation have shown themselves wise and foreseeing men by expending large sums in improving the pleasure side of the city, and thus enabling it to become the Brighton or Blackpool of Natal. The upper part of the hill-side is devoted to residences, each of which stands in its beautiful garden, with the varied panorama of sea and land spread out before it—one of the fairest spectacles I have ever beheld. It was interesting to learn that the name Berea, by which it is known, was derived from Bible-readings instituted by my wife's brother-in-law, Mr. Henry Manning, some thirty years ago. He was a brother of the famous Dr. Manning of the Religious Tract Society, but was compelled to remove to South Africa for his health. There were but a few scattered houses upon the Ridge in those days, and he was accustomed to come up week by week for the purpose of holding a meeting with like-minded friends. These gatherings, which recalled the habits of

the Bereans who searched the Scriptures in the Apostles' days, led to the district being known as the Berea. It is now greatly extended, traversed by trams, and deservedly popular.

We had a glorious series of meetings in this city. Day after day the great Central Wesleyan Church was crowded to its utmost capacity. Two great gatherings of men were held in the Town Hall on Sunday afternoons, followed by meetings for women. On one of the Sundays I also addressed about two thousand natives in the large covered market-place. Each day was the occasion for a delightful conference, over a cup of tea, in the Wesley Hall. These meetings taxed me pretty considerably from morning to night, but the cordiality and willingness to listen, manifested on all sides, were a vast inspiration.

During the day I spent the intervals for rest and meals at the premises of the Young Men's Christian Association. This building is, perhaps, the handsomest and largest in South Africa for the accommodation of young men; and though it is now handicapped by a debt of £20,000, the Secretary and his committee are full of hope that they will be able to pull through the straits into the open sea. I am under deep obligation to Mr. Stakes, the Secretary, who at the call

DURBAN CHRISTIAN MINISTERS' ASSOCIATION.
Taken on the occasion of the Mission, July 13th, 1908.

of a sudden emergency stepped into the breach and arranged my Mission superbly. If any one deserves to succeed he does.

Much time was spent in endeavouring to adjust misunderstandings between local religious bodies, in which I was only partially successful, though, curiously enough, my failure led to an effort on a much larger scale, which succeeded beyond my highest hopes. The smaller effort was to induce the four Baptist causes of the town to amalgamate into one strong and healthy movement, which, as it seemed to me, would have greatly conduced to their ultimate advance. This attempt miscarried, but as the sequel proved, by God's goodness, my subsequent effort to induce the Baptist Churches of the sub-continent to constitute themselves into one united South African Baptist Church was not only accepted by the Council, but ratified by the Assembly of Delegates.

Two or three minor difficulties which I was also able to deal with, although important in themselves, are not of sufficient interest to justify their inclusion here. But I may record my opinion that it is a wise thing, from time to time, for a man of experience to be sent out to consult with those on the field about the difficulties with which their work is menaced.

It is generally easier for a stranger to arbitrate between two courses of action than for those on the spot.

It will be always a subject for congratulation that my stay at Durban enabled me to form the friendship of one of the sanest and strongest men that I met during my tour. I refer to my friend Mr. J. M. Orpen. For forty years he has had an intimate experience of native affairs —first as settler, then as magistrate. In his early years he was the chosen friend of Mr. Rhodes, when they were young men together at Kimberley. He told us that he remembered Mr. Rhodes calling him and one or two other young men into his little room and suggesting to them that they should bind themselves together to do their best for the land of their adoption. He announced that he, at least, intended to devote himself to the making of South Africa. In after years Mr. Orpen was always a welcome guest at Mr. Rhodes's house at Cape Town. Few men knew this wonderful empire-builder more intimately than he did, and I think none have a profounder reverence for his memory. Probably nothing can give a readier answer to the detracting stories which pass so glibly from lip to lip against him who is gone, than the balanced estimate of his character formed by one of his intimates. However, Mr.

Orpen's forthcoming book, entitled *Reminiscences of Life in South Africa*, will put the reading public in possession of these and similar opinions.

With Mr. Orpen and others I have often discussed the sad narrative of the stamping-out of the late rebellion. It is a terrible story, over which Christian charity must draw a veil. No object will be served by preserving and disseminating the story of the crimes, committed under pretext of putting down the rising. Suffice it to say that by threats, floggings, and bribery natives were forced to assist in the slaughter of their own people, and rewarded by loot and robbery. Under the proclamation of Martial Law they were tried by court-martial and shot, crops were destroyed, kraals burnt, and nameless wrongs perpetrated on women and children. It must be borne in mind, however, that these crimes were committed, not by the regular soldiers, nor even the police, but by the scum of the white population, suddenly armed and turned loose. Those memories rankle still. The *Times of Natal*, January 28, 1908, writes: "The natives of Natal and Zululand, taking them all-in-all, have been as decent and law-abiding a class of natives as any colony could wish to possess. If we are turning many of them into jail-birds and would-be rebels, the

brand of the lash on their backs, and hatred in their hearts, we have only ourselves to blame." The stern words of Mr. Frederic Harrison received ample and terrible justification from those events: "The temper of Legree is rife in many lands under the Union Jack. The moral indignation of Englishmen at home is nick-named 'unctuous morality,' or 'Exeter Hall hypocrisy.' Slave-driving ruffians dare to mock at negro-worship, by which they mean any Christian feeling. They are disposed to regard the coloured races as barbarians, servile by nature, created to be 'hewers of wood and drawers of water' to white men."

When I learnt that it was intended to transfer the powers of Supreme Chief to the Minister of Native Affairs, to officers of the Department of Native Affairs, and other officers exercising administrative functions under native law, so that they should be answerable for their actions only to the Supreme Chief, and not to any court of law, I was so startled that I took the unusual course of inviting to breakfast a considerable number of gentlemen, missionaries, ministers, and others, that they might have an opportunity of discussing the situation. It seemed to me perilous to place in the hands of subordinates the power of summary punishment to the extent either of a £10 fine or of one

month's imprisonment. It seemed to me extraordinary also that instructions should be issued for the demolition of buildings erected for missionary purposes, unless they were placed under a resident European male missionary. When I remembered that the Kaffirs raise £6,000 per annum for their Churches, and sixpence per member per week for missionary work, it seemed incredible that it was not permissible for them to be left under the charge of a native missionary, if his character were guaranteed by long years of service, or by white missionaries of well-known position.

In calling this breakfast I was, of course, aware that the questions which seemed to me so urgent had already been discussed, and representations made in proper quarters, but so far as I could gather these efforts had met with no response ; and although I exposed myself to the risk of hot criticism, I felt that something might be gained if one more discussion could take place, and one more urgent appeal made to the Government. After a frank discussion it was agreed that this course should be adopted ; but, as I have already said, the only concession was to withdraw the power of the Supreme Chief from the lowest subordinate officers, whilst the law stands as it did with regard to the rest, including, of course, the native chiefs. These

may exercise their grudge against any native, without his having the right of appeal or a proper trial. An amendment has also been adopted that fines exceeding £2, exacted by a chief, should be notified to the magistrate, but no concession has been made with regard to the missionary stations.

These facts cast an ominous shadow over the future relations between the white, native, and coloured races. But surely we may all learn a lesson from English policy in India. For long Great Britain has governed her great Dependency through officials. We had forgotten that only as they govern themselves can people become ripe for self-government, and that it is far healthier for a nation to be worse-governed with a sense of freedom than to be perfectly administered by officials over whom the people themselves have no control. Now, at last, we are about to bestow upon Indians a genuine share in the administration and finance of their country. But what is true for India is surely not unwise for the vast native populations of Natal. Some kind of representation will allay the unrest, will create manhood and self-control, and will gradually prepare them to become an influential part of a Great Colony. There is no necessity that they should sit in the same legislative body as white men, but in bodies of their own from

which representations can go to the white Assemblies in which the ultimate power must always reside. If you treat men as dogs they will bite you; if you trust them, they will repay your confidence with fidelity and co-operation.

CHAPTER XI

EAST LONDON

THE three days alloted to the Mission at East London were all too short; yet so much was crowded into them that they bulk very prominently in the story of my tour. We arrived in the early morning, after a pleasant passage from Durban on a German boat. During the voyage a Medical Officer of Health greatly interested me by describing the drastic manner in which the local government of a port up the coast, which he represented, turned back, and sometimes paid the return-fare of all ne'er-do-wells who endeavoured to land. He said that they were compelled to do it, or their town would become the dumping-ground of undesirables. What a good thing it would be if some such policy were adopted all round, till these swaggering, drinking, licentious, and lazy vagabonds were either converted or eliminated!

The steamer brought us into the picturesque estuary and up to the landing-stage, where we were most kindly welcomed; and our host, Mr. T. B. King, drove us at once to his beautiful home.

From the first the people seemed prepared for the message. We held memorable meetings in a little glade beside the railway works, and others for business men at midday, and largely attended Bible-readings in the beautiful Trinity Church, built in prosperous days, but left burdened with a heavy debt of £20,000. Then at night the Town Hall, one of the fairest auditoriums in South Africa, would be crowded to its uttermost long before the advertised hour.

Perhaps the unusual attention of the people was partly accounted for by the softening influences of the commercial depression, which for some time has been casting a deep gloom over this beautiful town. In five years the population has decreased by four thousand whites, and the railway employees number but 350, where one thousand were formerly employed. This ever-present nightmare led me to dwell specially on themes calculated to inspire hope and comfort. Describing the closing address the local Press said: "Speaking of money, which the preacher declared was not the root of all evil, as was popularly supposed, but the root

of a great deal of good, he expressed his sympathy with those who were finding it hard to make two ends meet. Five or six years ago they could afford to give liberally, but to-day it was difficult to support themselves and families, to say nothing of religious efforts. He believed that God was going to sow their fair land with noble seed; but He must needs make them and their children learn that they were not to be absolved from hard and honest labour. The boys and girls would be fatally injured if they supposed that life was a merry-go-round. They must serve an apprenticeship to high thinking and strenuous living, if they were to hold the position which their fathers had secured for them. Nothing could be more hurtful to young people than to think that they had been born to positions from which they could not be dislodged, and that the natives were their predestined beasts of burden. The men and women of the next generation would be all the better for their present limitations. To those who had suffered retrenchment he would say, Count what is left—the love of your home, health and strength, wife and children, God and hope. Their soul-life was greater than the bodies in which they lived, greater than their losses, greater than their failures, greater than the earth beneath their feet or the heaven above

their heads. They were the sons and daughters of God, and He would care for them. Gold might come or go, but God was eternal and infinite—He would never fail nor forsake."

Amongst many other incidents of that brief stay in East London I recall with much interest an interview with Mr. A. Kirkland Soga, the son of the great native missionary, who married a Scotchwoman. Mr. Soga is the editor of a native paper, the *Izwi-Labantu*. He is quick to see and vehement to express the disabilities under which his people live. Sometimes, I imagine, the vehemence of his protests injures their effect. Yet it must be extremely galling to men like himself, highly sensitive, eloquent, and forceful, educated in all that makes for culture and refinement, to find themselves excluded from the hotels, relegated to special compartments reserved for natives of the lower class, and generally treated with aversion and contempt, and all because of the colour of their skin. Among much else he complained bitterly of the want of continuity in policy. Sir M. Hewlett, the former Minister for Native Affairs, would take a span of mules, travel into native territories, and talk matters over with the people; but the present one has no such personal tie. The old policy is now largely reversed; the natives are puzzled and cannot

understand what is expected of them. Mr. Soga said rather suggestively: "Natives are rising in the scale; we want a better type of white man."

My host, who for many years has had an intimate knowledge of the natives, told me that as they acquire land—and they are doing this continually—they become the most prosperous part of the community. In Cape Colony they own twice as much cattle as Dutch and English put together, and grow twice as much corn. He informed me also that they are now buying goods from the European traders, and hawk them round the country in sixteen-oxen wagons. Seed, ploughs, clothes, furniture are included in this trade, which is rapidly developing, proving to how large an extent the missionary operations of the interior are affecting the native populations, instilling new ideals and creating new wants. The red, or raw, blanket-Kaffir is content with beads and blankets. Make a Christian of him, and he begins to feel the necessity of working and saving money, so as to be able to satisfy the demands of Christian civilisation. If only missionary operations and schools were encouraged by official countenance and increased financial support, we should reap a thousandfold. At a time when commerce is demanding new markets, when Lancashire and

Yorkshire are fearful of their vast machinery standing idle, nothing could be more salutary than that these millions of natives should awake to the necessity of being clothed as Christians, and of becoming provided with the amenities of Western life.

Mr. King—whose charming wife is the daughter of Sir John Frazer, and endowed with a marvellously beautiful and highly cultivated voice—also corroborated the opinion, which I have already recorded, and which is spreading widely among the more dispassionate and high-minded politicians, that the natives should be allowed to meet in native assemblies, where all questions affecting themselves should be discussed; and when opinion has matured, that the conclusions should be laid before the Houses of Legislature, it being hardly doubtful that, in the majority of cases, legislation would proceed on the main lines thus suggested.

My East London Mission will, however, be principally memorable because for the first time I became really acquainted with a location, and it happened thus. In one of my over-tea conferences my attention was attracted by the refined face and appearance of an elderly Christian lady, to whom I was at my own request introduced. From her lips I learnt her

story. It appears that some fifteen or twenty years ago she attended one of the Missionary Conferences in the Clifton Rooms, Bristol. I remember them very well, as they were characterised to an unusual extent by spiritual power. At one of these she silently yielded herself to the service of Christ, asking Him to show her in what sphere of service she should spend her remaining years. By a series of interesting providences she was finally directed to the East London location; and a very small yearly patrimony having been bequeathed to her, she was enabled to settle down on her own resources, though from time to time requiring help for her work.

A location, as we have said, is a place where natives live who are employed in a town of white people. It is generally situated at the distance of about a mile from the town proper; and the natives go to and fro morning and night. It is extremely rare for native servants to sleep in the house of their employers.

With some notable exceptions, the locations are unprepossessing in appearance, and unattractive in their arrangements. There is some picturesqueness in a native kraal, with its round thatched huts, its stockade, and its abundance of space. But there is nothing in those long rows of corrugated iron huts to

suggest beauty, refinement, or home comfort. In winter they are terribly cold; in summer insufferably hot. In many cases they are raised on piles, so that the cold night air, rushing along between their floors and the ground beneath, makes them still colder and adds greatly to the discomfort. They are closely packed in long, dreary streets, which are ill-kept, ill-lit, and ill-patrolled. In some places the supply of water is limited, and in others the water supplied is far from pure.

In one location the bachelors' quarters are furnished by the iron sheds formerly used for a concentration camp, and consist of just one room and a kitchen. The single women's quarters are in this case divided from the bachelors' by a narrow strip of open common. At this location there are no lamps, no constables; only an occasional visit from mounted police. Two cartloads of liquor are delivered daily to registered voters, who retail it to the unregistered ones; there are in consequence drunken rows and fights at night, and it is not safe for a respectable woman to venture along the streets after dark.

A Medical Officer of Health who had to do with another location told a friend of mine that 80 per cent. of the inhabitants, men, women, and children, are suffering from a name-

less disease, and, as the servant-girls come each morning to the houses of the white people, a terrible and inevitable Nemesis must befall. One clear instance was brought under my notice of a white lad who had become hopelessly blind from the handling of the nurse-girl who attended him. We are members one of another, and if one suffer, suffering of a like kind will befall others.

Of another location I was told that native parents refuse now to allow their daughters to reside in it. They might get eight shillings per week more wage, but they were inevitably ruined, and the risks were felt to be too great. We are breaking down the old barriers created under the rule of the chiefs and the customs of centuries. These were erected for the preservation of their women's honour, but, apart from the missionaries, we are substituting nothing. British law recognises that a girl is her own mistress at twenty-one, and the girls will not brook control now that the parents have no method of asserting it, as in the old days, when a father would give his daughter a thrashing if she showed any insubordination to his rule.

At another location things seemed so bad, that I appealed to the whole community to take action for their improvement. There were between 6,000 and 7,000 natives

living in this location, and their complaint was that it was separated from the town by an unlit road, on which their daughters were waylaid at night. Along that same road bad white men crossed over to the location to carry on their vile practices, and the natives complained that they had no redress. They dared not bring such cases into the courts, assuring me, rightly or wrongly, that in a case of this kind the word of a black man as against that of a white man would have no chance. The saddest thing in the whole business is the large number of half-caste coloured children that are running about in these locations bearing the brand of their parentage and despised alike by either race.

It is not that these locations fail to contribute to the rates. One with which I am acquainted, and by no means one of the largest, contributes £7,000 per annum to the local rates, but the streets are not made and the lighting is very imperfect.

An unimpeachable authority informed me that *in kraals* the birth-rate was 40 per 1,000 and the death-rate 12½ per 1,000, whilst *in locations* the figures were exactly reversed, the births 12½ per 1,000 and the deaths 40 per 1,000. He urged that natives should at least have good water. He alleged that what was

meted out to them in some of the locations was simply breeding typhoid. He pleaded also that there should be room around their huts and, if possible, a little plot for them to cultivate after the native style, on account of which they would be quite willing to pay an extra rent.

It may be said that it was no part of my business to pry into these unsavoury details, but I reply in the old words: *Homo sum, et nihil humanum mihi alienum est* ("*I am a man, and nothing that touches man is foreign to me*"). In every case I spoke of what I had discovered to leading local men, who were to a large extent ignorant of the real condition of these locations. They thanked me and promised to take the necessary steps for rectifying abuses. But, of course, there may be scores, perhaps hundreds, of locations which I was not able to visit, and no harm can be done by calling attention to the disorders which are rife in some places and are possible in all, unless watched by the ceaseless vigilance of the authorities and an alert Christian opinion.

It should be distinctly recognised that I do not adduce the cases mentioned above as typical or normal. These fell within the scope of my personal investigation or inquiry, and I would not presume to draw general or sweeping conclusions from a limited observation of facts.

Before passing from this subject I would like to pay the warmest tribute in my power to the noble and self-denying labours of the ministers of native and coloured Churches situated in these locations. What their condition would become without them I cannot imagine. Again and again my heart warmed towards devoted servants of Christ who, without praise from human lips and on very slender salaries, are pouring out their life-blood to resist the forces which would disintegrate and to strengthen those which conserve and construct. The missionaries are the country's best asset. If it were not for their churches and schools an immense additional police force would have to be maintained. In the eloquent words of Mr. Winston Churchill, "The material services which missionary work renders to the British Empire are immense; but these can be appreciated. The moral services which it renders are far greater and can never be measured. It is not upon armed force that the strength, cohesion, and health of the British Empire depend. We know perfectly well that if that were our only foundation we should collapse and perish and vanish into the mists of the past which have already shrouded and enclosed so many great and powerful dominations. We know that it is on the spirit of earnest philanthropy, of dis-

interested exertions, of high religious principle that the permanent continuation of the British Empire must be based."

It is in pursuance of that appeal that, once more, I would draw the attention of Christian people on the spot, and of those who are seeking a sphere of useful service at Home, to the crying need of the locations for endeavours like those associated with the honoured names of Mrs. Ranyard and Mrs. Josephine Butler and many others. There is much need also for a native location Medical Mission. The natives have often to pay 10s. to the doctor and 3s. for medicine. They therefore prefer to save their money and consult a witch-doctor, with the result that valuable lives are sacrificed.

This brings us back to the lady whose life-story led to this long digression. She became aware of the need existing for woman's influence, but possessing neither a knowledge of the native language nor exceptional gifts, and having only a life to live, resolved to spend that life in the East London location. If she could do nothing else, she might at least dwell among the natives as her Master did, who was made flesh and dwelt among men. How she has managed to do it I cannot tell; but this at least is clear, that from her humble home a light has shone out through all those poor tenements, and her gentle

going to and fro has acted as the salt which arrests corruption. Most gladly I paid her a visit. Indeed, realising that she was one of the King's daughters, we hired a carriage and pair and drove up the uneven street, to the great amazement of her neighbours. I doubt if such an equipage had ever been seen there before. She had been advised of our coming, and was on the watch. Over the door I caught sight of the words, "Keswick House." On the table were books I knew, and on the wall familiar faces. A few women and girls dropped in and one or two native Christian men. I drank of the cup of tea provided as though it were the Sacrament, and came away feeling that I had really put my feet on boards which Christ often trod. I read somewhere that a traveller came on a clearing in the backwoods of one of the Southern States where a little hut stood, and a poor old woman, bent double with age, was gathering sticks for a fire. "Do you live here all alone, auntie?" he said. "Yes, massa," she replied, "just Jesus and me." There are some souls to whom Christ is so real that they need none else.

After East London I always endeavoured to visit the native location of the town in which my Mission was held, and some of the most blessed of my services were held among the

native Christians. Of course, they have their grave faults which give rise to infinite anxiety; but that surely is the reason not for less but for more solicitude and attention. Are not they among those other sheep for whom Christ died and whom also He must bring?

We had a delightful ministers' meeting on one morning in a pavilion by the sea; and on another our generous host and hostess gave a crowded reception in their spacious rooms. Large numbers of German Christians availed themselves of this opportunity of greeting us, recognising my name as allying me somewhat to their Fatherland. The German Colony was settled here by Sir George Grey in 1858, and has contributed largely to the prosperity of the community. Thus our pleasant but too brief stay at East London came to an end, but the memory is fresh and fragrant, and I have heard that the word spoken is bearing fruit.

CHAPTER XII

A GROUP OF MISSIONS

IT becomes necessary to compress the story of my tour, and I therefore group together a number of Missions, each of which was as important as any I have recorded. But I must confine myself to the salient features.

King William's Town

If our space were allotted in proportion to our enjoyment or the kindness shown, the narrative of the Mission at "King" would be one of the longest in the book. The four memorable days spent there were replete with interest.

The town, which is only thirty-one miles inland from East London, is beautifully situated at the foot of the Amatola Range. Originally it was a Mission Station, around which the homes of the colonists gathered; but when the British Government annexed Kaffraria it became the

capital of the new province. Few parts of South Africa have witnessed such storms of murder, rapine, and revenge as have swept through this district. Many a time have the missionaries and settlers of those early days been compelled to leave homes and goods, and flee for their lives, whilst the midnight heavens in their rear have been glowing with the lurid glare of burning homesteads and farm-buildings. Our hosts, descended from one of the early founders of Lovedale, had many family reminiscences of those days. All that, however, belongs to the rapidly receding past; for the vast native populations, amounting to some 120,000 persons, are, at the present time, peacefully employed in cultivating their little plots of land, or in the trades and manufactures, of which there is a great variety in this important centre.

On the first morning ministers and missionaries from all parts gathered in the German Church, and we spent a memorable time considering the personal aspects of Calvary and Pentecost. On another morning the native pastors, officers, and workers crowded the building for an address, which was magnificently translated. The afternoons were devoted to Bible-readings and over-tea conferences on Christian work of various kinds; and the great

Drill Hall was packed each evening. Two services in different places of worship, an address to 1,500 natives in the Market Place in the afternoon, and two addresses in the Drill Hall —one to men only—made a full and useful Sunday programme. When the meetings were finished it seemed as though there had been a burst of spring throughout the community, and that we had all experienced a breath from the mountains of spice.

It was pleasant to receive the following letter from my loyal and dear friend Rev. James Pollock, who had so carefully prepared the way: "We all have very grateful recollections of your brief stay among us; and perhaps the best news I can give you is that, not only for the moment did your work make an impression, but there is clear evidence that it is but the beginning of a movement that will stir up all our Churches, and, I trust, lay hold on many outside of us. It is, we trust, not like the thunder-showers, which we often have, but rather a steady set-in rain, not a drop of which is lost. We shall always remember your visit with deep gratitude, and you will have an interest in our prayers during all your tour in this land."

The young men of the Dale College and the girls of the Collegiate Girls' School became my

warm friends and supporters from the first. It is good to recall that fine college, with its handsome quadrangle, recalling Oxford in miniature. The Head Master, Rev. Mr. Sutton, and his staff are making history by their handling of that school. The new buildings of the Girls' College seem likely, when finished, to be of equal beauty and importance. Throughout the sub-continent there is a keen hunger for education, which is already telling on the entire community. From "King" I was able to pay a visit to

Queenstown

for a brief visit of two evening meetings and the intervening day. This flourishing little town yielded noble audiences. Screened by its semicircle of mountains, on the edge of the level veldt, it enjoys an ideal situation ; and, as I climbed, one fair morning, the lower spurs of the mountains I thought that, even in Africa, I had not gazed upon a more delightful prospect. It is hardly to be wondered at that retired civil servants come to spend the evening of their days in this salubrious climate. To judge by that brief visit the people are eager for spiritual teaching and help. Certainly nothing could exceed the cordiality with which they welcomed the Missioner or thronged the

great hall. The singing had been prepared for by a united choir, which even those who sang for me at Pietermaritzburg and Port Elizabeth (which, to my thinking, occupied the premier position) would have found it hard to beat.

In the tea-conference I discovered that here, as in many parts of the country, the Women's Temperance Union is doing magnificent work, in the promotion of Purity, the protection of young girls, in urging the ministers to preach Temperance sermons, giving addresses in Sunday Schools, organising deputations to magistrates for the reduction of licenses, and taking flowers to sick people in their homes. God speed them in their self-denying labours!

Through my friend Mr. Theo Schreiner I was introduced to Mr. R. B. M. Lilwana, an educated and well-spoken native, the secretary of the Eastern Kaffir Grand Temple. He complained bitterly of the attitude of many of the Churches with regard to the liquor question, and said that he knew of cases in which natives had been obliged to choose between their Church and their adherence to Temperance organisations.

Port Elizabeth.

It was not until the close of the eighteenth century that any attempt was made to form a

township on the barren shores of Algoa Bay, and then only a few stone houses and huts were erected. In April, 1820, the first British settlers arrived, and from that day to the present the town has steadily advanced, till its population numbers, together with its suburbs, close on fifty thousand people. It claims to be the cleanest town in South Africa ; and as the visitor traverses the streets, with their tarred surfaces, spacious gutters, and wide side-walks, he finds good reason to concede the claim. The lovely bay, affording anchorage for the largest vessels, is a constant delight to the eyes ; and the Port played an important part in the war. The foreshore is fenced by a substantial sea-wall and handsome business premises ; whilst the residential quarters, with their parks and suburbs, are charming.

The municipality has shown its enterprise in transforming the sand-dunes of the Humewood beach into a picturesque health resort. Every convenience is provided for campers, bathers, and pleasure-seekers. Multitudes of happy children are turned loose there by parents and nurses, to enjoy themselves to their hearts' content, with the maximum of enjoyment and the minimum of risk.

From the first our Mission began well. We arrived at 6.30 a.m., to find a large crowd

TOWN HALL, PORT ELIZABETH.

awaiting us. An illuminated address from the Men's Brotherhood was read on the station platform, and the mayor gave us a hearty welcome in the name of the municipality and citizens. To these I replied, standing on a trolley-car. Nothing could exceed the mayor's kindness during our memorable ten days' Mission. On the opening evening he gave a reception in our honour in the graceful Town Hall, which was transformed into a fairy palace by the draping of the slender pillars with wild-vine and creepers, while the glow of hundreds of electric lights of various colours, and the display of choice exotics, made the scene one of extreme beauty. The best people in the city accepted the invitation, and gave us a great send-off, the momentum of which helped us to the close of our stay. The mayor's parlour was also placed at my disposal for my afternoon rest when remaining in the town between my meetings; and frequently his Worship attended the vast gatherings in the Feather Market Hall. It was there that I began to make more use of the after-meeting, and it was very remarkable that hardly one of a thousand people took advantage of the hymn to go out between the meetings.

We were very happily circumstanced with our host and hostesses, who are respected

throughout the community for their public and private life. They were kindness itself. We had also the pleasure of intercourse with devoted ministers, stalwart Temperance pioneers, and workers in all kinds of philanthropic and social enterprises.

Copies of the *Eastern Province Herald*, which gave excellent and copious reports of the Mission, lie before me; but it would consume too much valuable space, even if it were seemly, to quote them at length. It may be interesting, however, to refer to the report of one of the tea-table conferences, as a specimen of others, and to enumerate some of the questions which led up to the discussion which ensued. The art of such a conference is to induce every one to talk freely and naturally about the work in which he or she is personally interested; and for me at least there is no better way of it than to put questions with as little as possible of the cross-examination air.

The conference was on Free Church work and took place in the Dunn Hall. We were first served with tea, &c., handed round by a bevy of charming ladies, and then I set to work with my questions, most of which are recalled by the newspaper report. "How long have you been Secretary?" "Where is the President?" "How many Churches does your

Council comprise?" "Is the Anglican Church represented?" "Does the Council keep to the broad lines of Church and civic action, avoiding party issues?" "How often does your Council meet?" "Is the attendance satisfactory?" "Have you considered the desirability of replacing the older men who don't attend your meetings by younger men who will?" "What have you done as a Council on civic and social lines which would not have been done except for your existence?" "Have you opposed the granting of additional drink licenses?" "I understand that the natives at Korsten are spending £100 per week in strong drink; are you taking any steps to prevent this?" "Supposing a man of dissolute habits and worthless character were to seek election on your Municipal Council, what would you do?" "Do you teach your young men to regard public office as a valuable opportunity of serving Christ?" "Are there any women on your Council?" "Would it not be well to form a Women's Auxiliary, as we are doing at Home?" "What is your distinctly religious programme for common work?" With such questions much useful information was elicited, on which the questioner commented. "At the close he expressed his pleasure in hearing of the good work done by the Council and spoke in hearty

praise of the President and Secretary. He regarded it as a matter for much thankfulness that in its mayor and chief constable Port Elizabeth had two men who were so ready to ally themselves with the forces that make for righteousness in the community." Similar conferences were held for Temperance, Sunday Schools, Women's Work, &c.

The importance of these tea-table conferences was continually coming in for recognition throughout the tour. One of the Pressmen seems to have been specially struck by them. He says: "The tact, firmness, and idealism of the man came out best, perhaps, in the delightful 'over-tea conferences,' particularly the one devoted to Sunday Schools, just as his moral passion and edge appeared in his addresses to men. It was a great help to hear the speaker bringing the experiences and lessons of a lifetime to bear on the needs of a great community."

The town had already been familiarised with meetings for men through the noble Brotherhood instituted by the Rev. C. H. Clapp, and this proved an admirable platform for me, both for the Sundays and week-days. Nothing is more calculated to help South Africa than these great human Brotherhood meetings on Sunday afternoon. Vast numbers will attend

them who would never darken the doors of a church, and we all realise the mighty inspiration of numbers and the telepathic thrill of fellowship when men gather in their hundreds and thousands.

On one of the mornings of my stay in Port Elizabeth I visited the Grey Institute High School ; on another, the Girls' College. These gave invaluable opportunities to scatter the seed-germs of noble thought and action, create high ideals, and garrison young hearts against evil. I always spoke of the needs of the country and urged them to give it their best. Nothing stirs young hearts like appeals for altruistic service. "Be good, not for what it may bring you, but that you may help our Master Christ to hasten His kingdom."

On yet another morning I accompanied Rev. H. C. W. Newell through the two locations to which he has ministered for the last eight years. (Mr. Dower, famous for his noble work among the coloured people, was in Europe.) What would these places become apart from the missionary with his church and schools? There were things that troubled me, as I have said, in regard to all these locations. They need the urgent attention of Christian citizenhood, not in Port Elizabeth alone, but in all the great cities of South Africa ; but I

am reassured by the pledges made by the most large-hearted and level-headed citizens and by the Church Councils throughout the sub-continent that their best endeavours shall be devoted to radical improvement in these hives of native life.

Uitenhage

is greatly resorted to by the business men of Port Elizabeth, whose homes and families are there, whilst they travel to and fro each day. It is built on a beautiful site on the Zwartkops River, at the foot of the great Winterhock Mountains, and is considered by many to be one of the most charming places of residence in Cape Colony. I can endorse that opinion. The streets and footpaths are shaded by majestic oaks, willows, and fragrant syringas. Water flows musically along the broad gutters. The pretty villas are fenced by hedges of roses and pomegranates, whilst the air is redolent with sweet perfumes. We were there for but one day, the meetings being held in the Dutch Reformed Church under the presidency of Rev. Mr. Pienaar, with whom I had delightful intercourse. It was a great treat also to have a long conversation with Rev. Mr. Angus, the Congregational minister with whom I dined. The longer I discussed the situation with the

more thoughtful men, the clearer it became that Evangelical religion has everything to gain by the increasing influence of the Dutch Church in this land. The Anglican Church has too often stood for High Sacramentarian doctrine and in many cases the ignoring of other Christian activities, but the Dutch Church is a bulwark of Protestant and Evangelical sentiment. "The late Anglican clergyman here," said one, "during nine years never deigned to recognise a minister of another Church if he met him in the street, however highly cultured; the present one recognises social amenities, but rigidly draws the line there. The Dutch ministers, on the other hand, are of the finest type of ministry in the world."

It was in this town that the earliest missionary, Vanderkemp, settled, and married a native woman that he might the better understand the people whom he desired to reach. Livingstone started on several of his famous journeys from this town. Moffat also has been here. It was with profound reverence, therefore, that I entered the old manse, where these, and many others, including Henry Drummond, have stopped to rest, at the beginning or close of some memorable tour.

With great regret we tore ourselves away from this picturesque and hospitable spot. I

would choose to live and die there—though I should find it difficult to die in such atmosphere—if there were nothing else to do in life than to take one's ease, eat, drink, and be merry.

Grahamstown.

One of the pleasantest episodes of our tour was to find ourselves the guests, whilst at Grahamstown, of the daughter and son-in-law of my life-long friend Rev. Archibald Brown, the present pastor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle. We enjoyed our stay with them immensely. In spite of one or two dust-storms, the climate was delightful. One always felt fresh for one's work, and the Mission went easily. Great audiences listened quietly as we described the depth of human need and the heights of Divine fellowship within their reach. Godless men were arrested. The men's meetings especially grew in numbers and deep impressiveness. "Men who had not attended churches for years, and despaired of any new impulse ever reaching them, arose to new hope, reached forward to the infinite, and placed their lives in the keeping of Christ." Christians also were stirred up. One farmer, who drove thirty miles a day to attend the meetings, told me that he had gathered his thirty Kaffir servants together for the first time in his life, and

spoken to them of Christ. Two ladies also informed me, in answer to my appeal, that they were arranging to visit the native location each Wednesday afternoon.

It was delightful to talk with Mr. and Mrs. Eve of their life in Tembuland, prior to their settling in their present sphere. The description of their labours among the raw Kaffirs, their successful church-building, and their experiences during the war were highly entertaining. But one story was very touching, as told by a native to my friend. There had been a terrible drought, and all the cattle were perishing. Finally the old chief said that he had heard from his father that there was a great Spirit somewhere who would listen to the cry of his children. He advised, therefore, that they should select a white goat, and cause it to be killed by the purest boy in the kraals. Broth must be made of its flesh, which they should all drink, at the same time crying aloud to the Great Spirit for rain. The native then depicted in graphic terms the sacrifice and the heartrending cries for help. "Where was the chief all this time?" inquired the missionary. With a look of surprise his informant answered, "The chief! why, of course, he and his wives stayed inside their hut! *Do you think that he would get wet?*" The interesting end

of the story was that, before the feast ended, a great storm blew up, which forced them all to run for shelter.

Major Sprigg, an earnest Christian man, brother of Sir Gordon, also walked with me. For forty years he has been a magistrate among the Pondos, to whom he is greatly attached for their many noble qualities. He told me that only one in five has more than one wife; and only one in twenty has many. They are extremely particular in preventing marriage, if there has been close consanguinity, though it were five generations back. They excel in their courteous and polite manners. In all cases submitted to family or tribal tribunals, their adjudications are absolutely just. Witch-doctors certainly "smell out" men, but generally these had previously proved themselves to be highly objectionable and a nuisance to the kraal or tribe. An English missionary told the Major that all the suspected men whom he had sheltered had proved to be unbearable. Rev. Mr. Helm, the minister of the coloured Church, took me round the location, which is far away the best I have visited in South Africa. It is situated on the slope of the hill, over which the natives poured down into the town and nearly captured it in the old times. There are three divisions—for the coloured people, the

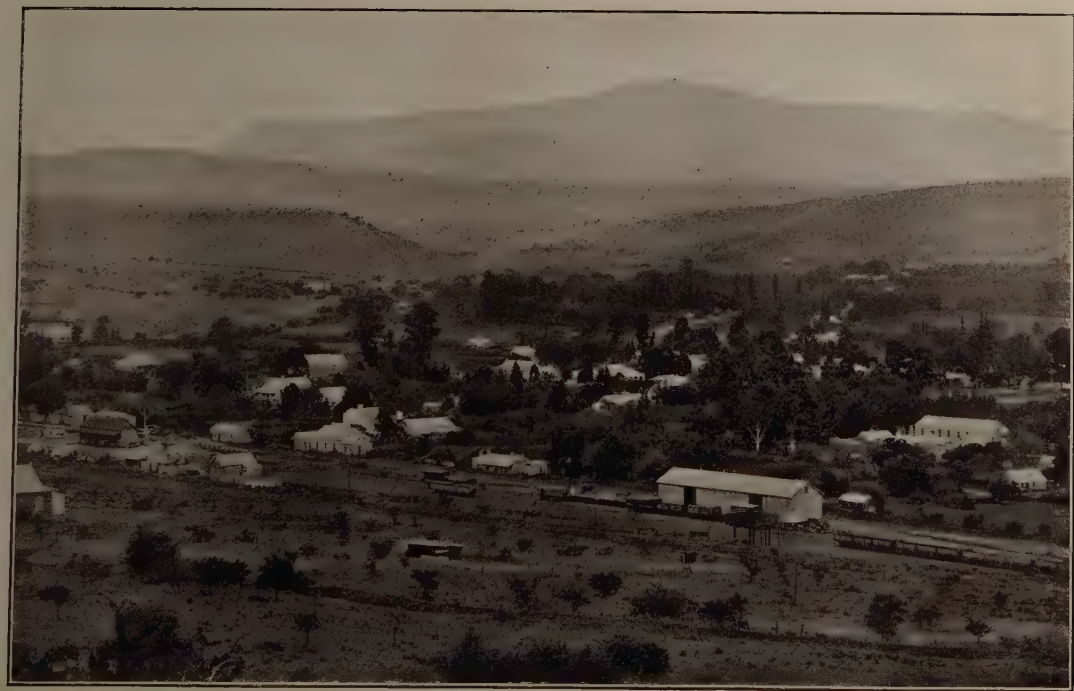
Kaffirs, and the Fingoes respectively. Mr. Helm's father settled the Griquas in Griqualand, but not without risk to his life. One evening, for instance, as he sat in his house, he became so restless that he could not remain in one spot, but moved about the room. A Griqua told him, years afterwards, that on that night he was trying to shoot him, but each time he took aim the missionary changed his position, until he became awed with the sense that a supernatural power was protecting him. During our walk through the location Mr. Helm pointed out the Wee Free, Catholic, and Ethiopian Churches. Ethiopianism, he said, is now declining, and is a spent force. In fact, its leaders promised more than they are able to perform, especially in respect to educational facilities, for which the natives are enormously hungry. But as these pledges have not been redeemed, the people are losing heart. Still the seeds they have sown are yielding harvests of disaffection. As we were watching the women drawing water from the supply-pipe, one said to the rest, evidently meaning us to hear, "We ought not to pay. They treat us very bad, very bad, because we are natives."

The Evangelical Church Council has done excellent work in this town. It has undertaken that its ministers and others should give daily

religious instruction to the pupils of the great Anglican Girls' School, whose parents desire it. It has arranged for two or three successful Missions. It has secured a better water-supply for the native location; has obtained an equitable basis of representation on the School Board, so as to prevent acrimonious conflicts; and has made strenuous and successful efforts for the better observance of the Lord's Day. It organises an annual deputation to the Licensing Courts; and at the time of our Mission was carrying on a vigorous opposition to the Light Wines Bill. This is a record of which any Council might be proud!

More than at any other place of our tour the clergy of Grahamstown treated me with fraternal courtesy. The two Canons and the acting Rector of the Cathedral came to the ministers' meeting; and Canon Woodroffe presented me with a valuable walking-stick, on which I set great store. He has done fine translation work for the British and Foreign Bible Society.

On the evening of our last meeting we started by the night train for our next appointment; and the station platform was crowded by our friends to wish us a good journey, and urge us to return. The train moved out of the station amid the strains of the hymn, "God be with you till we meet again." *Au revoir!*



ALICE, CAPE COLONY.

CHAPTER XIII

LOVEDALE

NOT far from the noble Lovedale buildings is the tiny river, the Tyumie, that *once* marked the border of English South Africa. *To-day* that border is at Lake Tanganyika. In 1826 the only European settlement here was Fort Hare, the ruins of which are still standing. This was the home of the British Resident; and the little church, where the white colonists worshipped, is now used as the infant school of the Lovedale Institutions.

The earliest missionaries, sent out by the Glasgow Missionary Association to occupy this ground, were Messrs. Govan and Weir, the former of whom became the first Principal of the school—established shortly after his arrival—for the training of natives. It was called Lovedale, after Dr. Love, the Secretary of the Society in Scotland. For well-nigh thirty years Rev. Wm. Govan had the overcharge, resign-

ing it in 1870, when he handed it to his senior colleague, Dr. Stewart, whose name will for ever be associated with this spot. Just now they are preparing to erect a noble monument to his memory on an adjacent eminence whence it will command the whole country.

There was a marked difference between the two men. Mr. Govan was endowed with the most estimable and lovable qualities; he was refined, gracious, scholarly. His classical knowledge was of a high order, and his mind was cast in the mould of the scholar and thinker. The nobility of his character and the cast of his thought make his memory fragrant throughout Kaffraria even to this day. Dr. Stewart was a statesman. His keen, strong intellect and outstanding lofty character were combined with a sure outlook, a breadth of horizon, a swift comprehending grip of men and things, which are the rare endowments of the few men who make and mould their times. God only seldom sends forth nation-builders, but Dr. James Stewart was one of that lofty race.

It is to him—to his magnificent gifts of mind, to his largeness of soul, to his tenderness of heart (I quote from the obituary notice in the paper he established, *The Christian Express*)—that the native people of South Africa owe, in a great measure, the position

and advantage and promise which is theirs to-day. The natives themselves realised this, and their hearts went out to him in simple faith and trust as they have seldom gone out to another man. He was their "father," in all the profound and gracious meaning of the word.

In his opening manhood Dr. Stewart saw visions and dreamed dreams, and in the eventide of his days he had the gladness of seeing his dreams fulfilled and his visions a reality. God gave him this joy, because, like another great missionary, he was never disobedient, not even for a single heart-beat, to the heavenly vision which came to him one spring morning in the grey capital of his Northern Homeland. The Africa which then presented itself to the hearts and minds of men was a land of weary wastes, of bloody interminable wars, of cruelty, wrong, and oppression, of gloom, despair, and death. Slavery an open shame; missions a secret failure. But he "followed the gleam," through good report and evil, in dark days and bright, in sickness and strength, in old age as in youth. He raised Lovedale from a small and impoverished institution to its present eminence. Other beacon-lights he kindled far into the interior—Livingstonia, the Gordon Memorial Mission, Blythswood, Kibwezi; and when he died he was con-

fessedly the greatest missionary that Africa has seen.

Those who knew him describe his personality as ever grave, ever earnest, ever commanding, always aware of the great call of his position for uprightness, purity of motive, strength of purpose. They speak of his unconquered eye, his sonorous voice, his intellectual face, his dominating will, his gaunt, square frame, his quick, firm step, the nervous, masterful hands, the charm of his manner, his thoughtful kindness, his splendid courage, his infinite patience and tact. The highest in the land sought his counsel when grave matters of State were in question; while round his office door was always gathered a crowd of natives, some of whom had come from long distances to obtain his aid or advice.

His was a full life. He taught in the Institution, edited a paper, had medical charge of the Mission, preached three sermons every week, saw to every detail of the work, guided each department, examined the classes, was here, there, everywhere—tireless, commanding, and inspiring. Now a parliamentary commission, then a missionary policy, and again a Church crisis—each found in him a competent leader. Often he would be summoned to render medical aid in the neighbourhood; and no home was

too far, no road too difficult, no night too stormy to hinder the great missionary in his errands of mercy.

On Thursday, December 21, 1905, Dr. Stewart entered into his rest, and the blank that his removal caused seemed irreparable. But in the present Principal, Rev. J. Henderson, the United Free Church has found a worthy successor to his two great predecessors. For ten difficult years he had control of the Livingstonia Training Institution, and guided it from its initiation to its present assured success; for years also he has been the honorary Educational Adviser to the Administration—he therefore came to his present position after having given good proof of his capacity. Scholarly, experienced in native questions, with a calm and balanced judgment, all penetrated and inspired by high Christian ideals, my friend is eminently fitted to preside over this invaluable agency for native uplifting, with its staff of seventy teachers and its eight hundred to nine hundred native students.

Behind the Lovedale buildings, and reached by gradual upland slopes, is the mighty Hog's Back, crowned with snow, 6,000 feet above sea-level. On the lower roots of the mountains, once veldt, now richly wooded through the

prescience of Dr. Stewart, are the commanding erections of the boarding establishments and schools. Above these are the residences of the tutors and other buildings, and beyond these again the native huts, from which the eye naturally wanders to the crest of the sheltering wall of rock. To the left, when standing on the terrace, with the Hog's Back behind, is the gorge of the Tyumie. Beside it is the site of the coming Inter-State Native College, for which plans are already being prepared; and on the further side is the noble eminence, on which the remains of Dr. Stewart were interred, and which is to be crowned by the massive monument to his memory already alluded to. Yet why a monument in granite? *Si monumentum requiras, circumspice.* It is as though Moses had been buried on Pisgah. Away down in the valley is the little town of Alice, the mayor of which most courteously gave us a public reception. The entire scene is one of surpassing beauty and interest. Let statesmen speak and legislators enact what they may—*here is the cradle of a regenerated South Africa.*

Some twenty-three thousand young native men and women have passed through this institution, and some seven hundred are always here in residence. I have before me a list of thirty-four chiefs' sons, whom I addressed on

MAIN BUILDING AND PRINCIPAL'S HOUSE, LOVEDALE.

GIRLS' SCHOOL, LOVEDALE.

one occasion, from Barotseland, Bechuanaland, Basutoland, Tembuland, Griqualand, Pondoland, the Transkei, and the Transvaal. Many of these will presently be ruling over thousands of natives, and it is impossible to exaggerate the importance of imbuing them with noble ideals. They, of course, understand English perfectly, so that there was no need for an interpreter. I urged as my main appeal the pressing need, at this crisis, for the native races to prove themselves worthy for further extensions of political power. One or two of these young men are related to Chief Khama, and all of them have the opportunity of exercising similar influence to his.

It is astonishing to see the high intellectual standard maintained in the scholastic departments. Their mental arithmetic and algebra, their map-drawing from memory, their acquaintance with the subjects of the higher standards would have been creditable if, instead of being natives, the students had been British. But it seemed incredible that they had acquired all they knew *through the medium of English*, which, of course, is a foreign tongue to the large majority. The Government have insisted on all knowledge, even in the earliest stages, being communicated through English. A lady arrived a few weeks before I was there to examine the

little black boys and girls of the kindergarten, fresh from the native kraal, in English!

But as much attention is paid to industrial training. In the carpentering sheds I saw several articles of furniture, and two or three Cape-carts, which would have done credit to any workmen. There were departments for instruction in printing and binding. The approved principles of building native huts were being taught and practised in another shed. A five years' course is required to equip a young native to return to his tribe to uplift the whole community.

I am well aware of the prejudice against the "educated" native. Long before a traveller catches his first view of Table Mountain, he is told over and over by those who profess a most intimate knowledge of the natives, that the missionary is the curse of the country, that a Kaffir who wears boots is never worth employment, and that the majority of educated natives turn out to be criminals. These allegations are disproved by overwhelming facts and figures, that can be adduced from the registers at Lovedale and similar institutions. Rev. A. E. Le Roy, of the American Zulu Mission, has gathered, at some pains, the following facts of the output of a similar training-home to Lovedale—Amanzimtoti Seminary, Natal.

In Durban Gaol, during the two years ending December 31, 1905, there were admitted 7,836 prisoners. Of this number, *one-fourth* were classed as criminals, and of these only *five* were sufficiently educated to read in the fourth standard.

During the month ending May 6, 1906, 266 were admitted into Durban Gaol. Of these only two could read and write, one in Zulu and one in Zulu and English. Both were sentenced for misdemeanours only.

According to the census report of Natal, there were confined in the gaols of the Colony, on the day when the census was taken, 1,862 natives, and of this number eighty-two were able to read and write, something like 4 per cent. These figures prove that the numbers in gaol of those able to read and write are much smaller than commonly supposed, while the number of those really educated is smaller still. And it must be remembered that in the native schools in Natal, at the present time, thirteen thousand children are learning to read and write.

Of eight hundred students whose record is known, 10 per cent. are considered by those in a position to judge to be worthless; 20 per cent. are good and respectable, though not distinctively Christian; while 70 per cent. are reliable men, a credit to school and Church.

Sixty of these are teachers in elementary schools and thirty-six pastors and evangelists.

These are some of the reports from employers: "Have had educated boys for fifteen years, and can't speak disparagingly of them. They compare very favourably with the Europeans in my employ." "All four rattling good boys. One has been with us four years, and never away for more than a month. Another has been here seven years. Never any trouble; hard workers." "All four good. One has been here four years. A hundred times better than raw Kaffirs. No drinking, no swearing, no quarrelling with anybody. Always ready for work." "First-rate boy. Best shoe-maker in city, bar none. Been with us eight years, and quite the best boy we have had." "These two boys among the very best we have. Solution of whole labour question is in handling of the men. When there is trouble with the native, nineteen times out of twenty the fault is with the white man in charge." "Very quiet, respectful, and obedient, but rather inclined to be indolent, which I think will disappear as his education advances. A little education is worse than none; they should either be thoroughly educated or left alone. My boss boy is a Natal boy; he is thoroughly educated and very trustworthy."

These testimonies, taken at haphazard from

a sheaf, show that where natives are really Christianised and educated, they will bear comparison with white people. Indeed, the comparison is wholly in their favour; and no one has a right to attribute to such an institution as Lovedale the natives who may have picked up some knowledge of English and European ways in the location of some town or the house of a white employer. It is as unfair to take the natives as we see them in English settlements as specimens of the product of missionary schools, as to take the ne'er-do-wells, to whom I referred on a former page, as fair specimens of the British nation.

Life seems to be easier for the boys who go forth from Lovedale than for the girls. Many of these become school-mistresses, and I have met them in several of the native schools of South Africa. They are extremely bright and clever in handling their pupils. But as yet the native girl finds her path strewn with difficulties and pitfalls. A Kaffir girl, educated at Lovedale, came back to die. "Would you like to get better?" she was asked. "No, thank you," she replied. "Why not?" "When we are here, we are quite safe, but as soon as we go out, Satan calls all his black spirits and says, 'There's a Kaffir girl come

out of Lovedale, you must ruin her.' Oh, it's a terrible thing to have been born a Kaffir girl!"

Several of the girls, also, are sent to get the advantage of Lovedale, because their fathers will be able to obtain more cattle for them on their marriage. (N.B.—These cattle, in case of the husband's death, are considered to be the property of the wife and her children.)

One of the most precious remembrances of South Africa, which I greatly treasure, consists of five embossed cards sent me, after I had left, by some little Bechuana girls of high rank. They must have been a great treasure to them, and hard to part with. As I left Cape Town, it was a sincere gratification to learn that thirteen of the native girls had sought admission to the Church, saying, "Mr. Meyer helped us to love God." My friend adds, "We notice a change in many, and only those who work among these girls can know how delightful it is to witness their improvement."

During that wonderful week I seemed to be speaking from morning to night, sometimes to two hundred young girls by themselves, and sometimes to four hundred to five hundred young men, then to all together, for nights in succession. Services were held in Alice for those who had gathered from all parts, and convention meetings in the large hall of the seminary.

I wish that some one would present this noble work with a chapel! Is it impossible? I was the means of raising the cost of the school-chapel at Mount Hermon for Mr. Moody, and would dearly like to secure £2,500 for a similar erection at Lovedale.

By God's good providence I was able to win the confidence of the young men as I pleaded with them to be pure and good, not only for themselves, but for the sake of their people and their country. This led them to come to talk to me, and some of the most sacred confidences ever reposed in man were given by these swarthy sons of Africa. As I looked down into their hearts and found there the same yearnings for purity, truth, and usefulness, as characterise the noblest youth among us, and as I realised that they were communicating with me in another language than their own, I was simply amazed, and felt indignant that any should speak of them as *niggers*, deserving only to be horse-whipped or killed. The native problem would be greatly reduced if Europeans would remember that a native is as capable as an Englishman of resentment or respect.

The following conversation greatly impressed me. It was between myself and three young natives, one of whom was a chief's son.

"We have come for your advice, sir. Our chiefs don't like Christian boys, and think them no good. What can we do?"

"In what way?"

"Our people love strong drink; our young men are learning from white men to act immorally to the young girls; white men also are leading our girls astray; some who were educated here have gone back. What can we do to save our people?"

"Why not go to the missionaries?"

"Sir, the missionaries only speak of going to heaven; and their evangelists live in poor houses, and say that they will be rewarded afterwards; but we want something to help us *now*."

"Then do this," said I; "go back to your people; live right; try patiently to introduce reforms; send as many of your people here to be educated as you can; and remember that if you desire to strengthen them to resist the white man's sins, you must improve your dwellings and your clothes, raise the scale of your civilisation, give your girls and boys Christian education, and above all, tell them of Jesus Christ. You can only keep out the evil when you have filled the hearts of your people with something better."

No thoughtful man can study this wonderful

race without a deepening respect for their qualities, and an absolute conviction that the only right way of governing them is to sympathise with their aspirations, but guide them; to educate them, but imbue them with the spirit of Christianity; to allow them assemblies in which they may freely express their opinions, whilst always retaining the right to utter the final word.

May the time come when a larger number of British shall spend their months of vacation in this land of mountain and veldt, of the Kaffir kraal and the ostrich farm; but let all such visit Lovedale, which will give them the true view-point from which to study the native problem. Strange that the natives, in far-away days, boasted that the white man should never drink of "the sweet waters of the Tyumie," and fought hard over these very sites to resist our forts and soldiers; but now beside these very waters stand the institutions from which yet sweeter waters issue, of learning and eternal life.

During our stay at Lovedale we had the great good fortune to be the guests of Principal Henderson, in Corona House, the residence formerly of Dr. Stewart. It was a great privilege to be able to converse with him morning, noon, and night. Few men are more intimately

acquainted with native life, and none have more level-headedness.

I hope I am not misrepresenting my friend in enumerating the following five *dicta* :—

"*It is cant to say* that native ministers suffer more than others from 'swelled head.' There are some, of course, of that description, but they are not specially numerous."

"*It is cant to say* that natives die because they wear European clothing ; in point of fact they have contracted phthisis from contact with Europeans, and their huts are saturated with it. There is no cure when this is the case but to burn the huts."

"*It is cant to say* that native women do all the work. The men are warriors and hunters. In building huts the men fetch the wood and drive in the supports, the women thatch. The men dig the foundations, the women plaster. In the morning the men and women alike have their occupations ; in the afternoon, after their simple meal, the men will mend their nets, or attend to their preparations for hunting or fowling, whilst all around is the hum of child-life, and the women are preparing the evening food. Afterwards the fires are lit and they will dance into the night."

"*It is cant to say* that natives only go to the mines to get money to buy another wife. They

go when crops fail, when they want more comforts in their homes, and sometimes to earn enough to send boys or girls to Lovedale. The native lives by barter; if he wants *money* he must go to the mines to earn it."

"*It is cant to say* that the chiefs are irresponsible. Even Chata was obliged always to consult his Indunas and headmen."

The Principal had been giving evidence before the Select Commission of Education, and greatly hoped that they might be allowed to teach by the medium of Kaffir in the earlier standards. The difficulty of competing with British boys and girls in the same standards under present conditions is immense; but as things now are the rule is inexorable. The most interesting and absorbing topic of conversation was the Inter-State College. We drove round to inspect the noble site which has been given for it, and one tried to picture the imposing buildings which are presently to arise there. As to raising the requisite sum of £50,000, it was decided that the natives should be asked to contribute £25,000, and that an effort should be made to raise the remaining £25,000 among European friends. That decision was come to in April, 1906, and the result of the Committee's labours is that at present nearly £23,000 has been guaranteed, or

paid in, by the natives; and £22,500 has been paid or promised by European friends. Now that the natives have shown themselves so keen in the matter, there is every reason to believe that the Colonial Governments will be prepared to help in the maintenance of this Inter-State College. It is not intended, of course, that the College course should be free; but it is certain that the fees will not be sufficient of themselves for the whole cost of upkeep.

The College itself is to be secular, but no student will be able to avail himself of its advantages unless he lives in one of the Church hostels which will be affiliated. "The number of well-to-do natives," says Principal Henderson, "who desire a thoroughly good education is increasing. To this class belong the sons of chiefs and headmen, who own considerable farms, and are aiming at European standards of civilisation. For these it is desirable to make suitable provision, and for those who are going to enter professions." Considerable efforts will be made for instruction in useful industries, and specially in agriculture, that the ground which has produced one bag of mealies in the past may produce two in the future.

For me one of the most sacred spots in Lovedale was the native hut, within a stone's

throw of the house, where Dr. Stewart was accustomed to retire for absolute seclusion and quiet. It seemed holy ground as I looked round the simple interior. What strivings in prayer, what tears and cries, what depressions and triumphs have these walls seen and heard! One desired to consecrate oneself in new bonds to the Master whom Dr. Stewart so faithfully served.

Space forbids me to tell of the addresses to the native Christians, and especially the elders and leaders; of the private intercourse in the homes of members of the staff, of the meals in the great halls with the young men and the young women, of the meetings held at Alice, of the very marked courtesy of the neighbourhood. Any one of these would have supplied opportunity for description and enlargement. All were so interesting and informing. But the inevitable time for departure came, and the train bore us up the slope of the hill on the farther side of the valley, until all the fair scene was hidden. But since then Principal Henderson has written more than once, and I trust to be forgiven in quoting from his first and last letters: "You have not been many moments out of our thoughts since you left us, and you are in all our prayers. In the hand of God you have done a great and,

I believe, a lasting service for us. The hearts of the pupils have been marvellously touched." . . . "I am writing to say goodbye, and to wish Mrs. Meyer and you the pleasant and restful voyage home which your arduous labours in South Africa have so fully earned. Time tests our special religious efforts, and it has been applied to the work done in Lovedale, and the issue is satisfactory. Those who have come out are making a fitting stand, and have set themselves in many ways to raise the life of their fellows. The various religious organisations have been greatly strengthened, and are being carried on with renewed energy and hopefulness. The spiritual vitality of the Institution is being maintained on a higher level. The Temperance Branch has more than trebled its membership. A Purity organisation has also been brought into being under very hopeful circumstances." For such words from such a man I am deeply grateful.

DR. ANDREW MURRAY.

CHAPTER XIV

THE MURRAY FAMILY

ONE of the strongest formative influences in the Dutch Reformed Church for the last two generations has been the Murray family, and this will serve as the connecting link between some other of the later towns visited in our tour.

Graaff Reinet.

Some 120 years ago a Dutch farmer, named Graaf, owned a large farm here; his wife was named Reinet; and this characteristically Dutch town, with its broad, tree-lined, rectangular streets, derives its name from that worthy couple. There is a lingering savour of the primitive Colonial life in these old-world towns, where neither train nor motor, electric light, nor even gas has penetrated. The extensive open spaces for out-spanning and the sale of market produce; the avenues of old

trees on either side of the broad roads; the widespreading, one-storied houses, with their deep verandahs or stoeps, their gardens, with trellised vines, aloes, fruit trees, and lovely flowers—all breathe an air of profound restfulness and peace. One is reminded of the deep, still pools where the fish lie, out of the swift current of the river.

The town, with its four thousand white inhabitants and perhaps eight thousand natives, lies in the lap of noble mountains which encircle and screen it. In the high cliffs large numbers of baboons make their homes, but the lower slopes are covered with the low karroo bush, the prickly pear, and the spiked mimosa. On these, in such drought-smitten years as this, the cattle and Angola goats make a hard living. Such is Graaff Reinet, the Gem of the dry Karroo veldt.

But notwithstanding its quaint, quiet, old-world air, with its shyness of modern ways and methods, the town teems with young life. Youths and maidens from a wide area come to be trained here for their life-work; and the blue skies, the dry and cloudless atmosphere, the brilliant sunshine, are propitious for clear thinking and high living. The Girls' High School and Normal College, under the presidency of Miss Murray, the

sister of Dr. Andrew Murray, is one of the best of its kind anywhere.

In 1820 the religious life of the Colony was suffering from the blighting effect of Moderatism, with its attendant laxity of doctrine and life, and a request, which I am told had the Governor's sanction, was sent to Scotland, on the ground of its being the natural home of orthodoxy, that a number of young Presbyterian ministers should be sent out to assume the pastoral office. Among these was Andrew Murray, the father of the world-famous family. After spending a short time in Holland to acquire Dutch, he landed with his wife at Cape Town and was sent up to Graaff Reinet. The commodious parsonage, with its massive walls lifted above the level of the street on spacious cellars, had been built by slave labour at the direction of Lord Charles Somerset in 1808, the Government greatly complaining of its cost. It stands at the end of one of the principal streets, and behind it stretch the large, old-fashioned garden and glebe. Beside the manse is the Vinery, formed of the trellised branches of a prodigious vine, a picture of which may be seen at Hampton Court. It is said that both in girth and the heavy yield of grapes it rivals, even if it does not outdistance, its famous relative. Here Moffat, Livingstone, and many another

missionary, on his way up-country, would spend weeks or months, recruiting man and beast after the hard and tedious journey, and laying in stores previous to a long farewell to civilisation. Dr. Murray told me that he quite well remembered, as a never-to-be-forgotten episode of his boyhood, the day of Dr. Moffat's arrival with four great wagons and not less than fifty oxen, and how he stayed some three or four weeks on his way to Kuruman. The charges of such a halt were never thought of by the entertaining party in those primitive times when the entertainer might require the same hospitality. In the possession of Miss Murray is a letter written by Dr. Livingstone, dated *Kuruman*, *June*, 1843. I handled the yellow paper with its faded handwriting with peculiar reverence. It was addressed to her father, thanking him for kindness shown and discussing questions of common interest.

To old Andrew Murray and his wife were born the goodly family of eight sons and eight daughters. Miss Murray, who was one of the younger children, took us round the house and garden, now used for the purposes of a Training College, and enabled us, by her vivid narrative, to people them with the large and happy family nurtured here, to become in after years an inestimable benefit to the land of their adoption

and birth. The two elder sons, John and Andrew, were sent to complete their education in Scotland, their father not being satisfied with the manner in which Latin was taught in the Colony. They were welcomed to the home of Dr. James Murray, of Aberdeen, who is still remembered there by some of the oldest people for his uncompromising preaching of future retribution; but his photograph, which has been sent for my inspection, is that of a strong, kindly face. Dr. Murray told me that W. C. Burns, the bosom friend of McCheyne, held his great mission in the city whilst he was a student there; and I think he was entertained at his uncle's manse. To me it was extremely interesting to hear that he remembered walking beside the great missioner and missionary, carrying his bag on the way to hear him preach. It was during their residence in Aberdeen that the two brothers resolved to give themselves to the ministry.

From Aberdeen they went to Holland to acquire the Dutch language, and ultimately returned to Cape Colony as ordained ministers, aged twenty-two and twenty-one. John was appointed to a charge in the Colony and ultimately became, with Professor Hofmeyr, one of the founders of the Stellenbosch Seminary; whilst to Andrew was given the

oversight of the Orange Free State, with the Transvaal thrown in! The Great Trek had just taken place, but the population was scattered over the country and was extremely sparse. When he first appeared in the pulpit the people asked, "What can this young boy teach us?" But after they had heard him preach they said that he was "like an angel of God." He told me that the first temporary structure of reeds, erected in the Transvaal for him to preach in, was put up where Pretoria now stands, under the direction and superintendence of Mr. Paul Kruger, then a young man, the son of a farmer in the vicinity.

After forty years of faithful service the elder Murray retired from the charge of the Church at Graaff Reinet and was succeeded by his son Charles, who exercised the pastorate until four years ago, when he died, widely lamented; but the after-glow of his character and preaching lingers on the entire neighbourhood. He was an eminently devout and holy man, and during his pastorate the present Dutch Reformed Church was erected, at the cost of £18,000. It is one of the most imposing churches of the Colony, and I can never forget the four memorable services held within its walls, or the charming fellowship we enjoyed with the two present ministers, both related to Dr. Murray, and

with the brethren who met me on two occasions for prayer and fellowship in the manse.

Of the veteran pair that settled in the old manse in 1822, 304 descendants have sprung; and eternity alone will reveal the blessings which have accrued to South Africa from this slip of Scotch Presbyterianism planted and naturalised under the Southern Cross. The total number of ministers in this apostolic succession, either directly or by marriage, amounts to forty-two, of whom eight have died. Three of the family are now studying for the ministry; and, as I spoke to at least one dear boy, it is evident that others of the youngest generation are to follow. Six are missionaries in Central Africa, four in Mashonaland and the Transvaal; three have been in Nyassaland, though compelled to leave on account of the climate. Three of the grandsons are in Parliament. What an illustration this family offers of the truth of those ancient words, "The spirit which I have put upon thee shall not depart from thy seed, or from thy seed's seed, henceforth and for ever"!

When Dr. Andrew Murray was ordained in 1848 the congregations of the Dutch Reformed Church numbered 33, now in the sub-continent they amount to 239, with 83 Mission Churches, and 498,000 members and

adherents. Obviously such a result is not entirely attributable to this one family; many godly men have been associated in the ministry and the Church Courts; but it must be remembered that for many years in succession Dr. Murray was the Moderator of his Church, and that these forward movements have been largely due to his wise prescience and strenuous leadership. His Church sent him to London to plead their case before the Privy Council, when Sir Roundell Palmer was a rising barrister. And thus it befell that between the pastorates of James Sherman and Newman Hall, while in London, he preached in Old Surrey Chapel. During the same visit he became acquainted with the brothers Haldane. All this, of course, occurred before his books had made his name famous throughout the world. Illustrious as a statesman and leader, Dr. Murray has always been eminently a theologian and a mystic. One of his old friends told me that he would read Mill or Herbert Spencer for recreation between exhausting meetings, laying them down at the slightest summons to a prayer-meeting or evangelistic service.

We came across another precious relic at Graaff Reinet. Dr. Carey's great-granddaughter is a resident in the town, and she received us kindly in her pleasant home.

We had called to see the old Bible which Dr. Carey kept in constant use while engaged in his stupendous tasks of translation. Inside the cover is a portrait of the great missionary and his wife, probably copied from a larger painting. The front page, in the Doctor's own handwriting, contains an analysis of the contents of the Bible, signed and dated May 9, 1845. The book was issued from the Oxford Clarendon Press in 1801. There are no notes or marks on the margins, but many traces of the ravages of white ants. One or two faded letters, recording the fact of Dr. Carey's death, lie asleep within the old yellow leaves, only waking to tell the story of the past as prying hands like mine lift them back for a moment into the light, and then relapsing to their long, long dreams. On one occasion Dr. A. Murray carried the old book to Wellington to show his students, that the very sight of it might quicken their missionary ardour. The same Christ waits to baptize us to-day with the same Spirit and use us for similar work if only we yield ourselves to Him!

Space fails me to describe the rare natural beauties of this neighbourhood. Most reluctantly we tore ourselves away from it and the kind friends who had crowded so much pleasure into so brief a space. In the early

morning, at 4 a.m., we drove through the sleeping streets to resume our journey.

Worcester.

The Mission in the Dutch Reformed Church of this picturesque old Dutch town is one of my most delightful reminiscences. For the first three days the meetings were confined to ministers and missionaries, many of whom had travelled great distances. One, for instance, had driven fourteen hours in his Cape cart, and then spent twenty-four hours in the train. With two exceptions they belonged to the Dutch Reformed Church, but understood English perfectly, and were well acquainted with our religious literature. Many had attended one or more of the services at Christ Church during my ministry.

At three sessions each day we searched the Scriptures to apprehend the meaning of the Cross and the experiences of which it is the Gate; and probably none of us will ever forget the awe and wonder and joy as the Spirit of Truth took of the things of Christ and made them flash before our gaze. But the choicest moments were those in which Dr. A. Murray gathered up our experiences in a few closing words of prayer.

A MEMENTO OF THE WORCESTER MEETINGS.

Some fifty years ago he ministered in this Church for five years. Shortly after his settlement a Revival broke out, lit in part from the great movement associated with the Fulton Street Prayer Meeting, New York. In the study of the manse, where the present minister, Rev. I. P. A. de Villiers and his wife most kindly entertained us, Dr. Murray wrote "Abide in Christ" in Dutch, with the intention of helping those who had begun to live the religious life and needed a daily portion for meditation and instruction. It was a great inspiration to sit in the room which had witnessed the earliest of those valuable books that have been of such priceless value to the children of God in every branch of the Church. When I asked Dr. Murray how he had been led into this line of truth, he replied, "Some years before at Bloemfontein." On his removal to Wellington he was succeeded by his brother, Rev. William Murray, whose gentle and holy face looks down from several portraits; though pictures are almost superfluous when the fruits of a thirty-five years' ministry abound in noble institutions for the blind, the deaf and dumb, and for Church purposes.

"At the close of the third day" (I quote from the local paper), "the audience having

grown to several hundred, after the Benediction had been pronounced by Dr. A. Murray, the Rev. George Murray voiced the feeling of the ministers who had attended the conference. He said that the time had come to say 'Good-bye' and separate; and they could only praise their Master for what He had enabled the missioner to do and say. They had been given a view of the land that was too beautiful, too great, and too glorious for some of them; but they would try and put into practice the lessons they had been taught; and they greatly appreciated the messages which had been brought."

On the fourth day I preached three sermons in the noble church to the townsfolk. Two were kindly interpreted into Dutch by the beloved minister, as the Dutch-speaking Boers had come in from the surrounding country; but at night I preached in English to a mighty congregation which crowded the edifice in every part. It is interesting to know that Mr. de Villiers preaches in English each Sunday evening, attracting the two nationalities to meet in the helpful accord of a common religious service.

At dinner in the manse, one day, Dr. Andrew Murray being there also, Rev. A. C. Murray, who has had long experience of work in

Nyassaland, narrated the following incidents: At the close of an earnest Gospel appeal made one Sunday night a crowded inquiry-meeting was held, in which natives who wished to be prayed for were invited to raise their hands. Many did so; but there was another crowd listening outside, having been unable to enter the hall, already thronged to the doors. One of these pushed his hand through a broken pane in one of the windows. "How touching this hand," said Mr. Murray, "reaching out of the dark night beckoning for help!" . . . In a conference among the native preachers and workers on "Fellowship with God" an aged native remarked, "If you are on a journey and some one sits by your side when you take your food and eats with you, that would be fellowship; but according to my idea fellowship *with God* is deeper than that. I have seen a little brook flowing on and on till its waters mingled with the great ocean—fellowship with God is like that." . . . In proof of the fidelity of the native boys to any trust inspired in them he gave the following: A white man, desiring to send a message to a friend, gave a letter to his servant to carry in a cleft stick. He ought to have returned on the following day, but on his failure to do so a party was despatched

to search for him. In a thick part of the bush there were traces of a scuffle with a lion, and all that remained of the lad was the right hand still holding the cleft stick with its letter. I cite these incidents as casting light on some elements in the native constitution : they might be greatly multiplied.

Stellenbosch.

As I look into my diary I discover that we remained in this romantic spot for only three days. It is very difficult to believe it, so much was crowded into that brief space. It is a town of about six thousand inhabitants, surrounded by mountains, threaded by a little stream, and embosomed in avenues of trees, especially oaks, thick with foliage. It is Oxford and Cambridge rolled in one. Every Dutch Reformed minister has studied in the Theological Seminary under Professors Hofmeyr and Marais ; and it is said that the cream of the South African Dutch, whether lawyers, professors, or politicians, regard Stellenbosch College as their *alma mater*. The place is pervaded by a highly intellectual atmosphere. At certain hours, when the classes and schools disgorge their crowds of young men and women, the streets are flooded with life ; but in the intervals they subside into a mystical silence that may be felt.

During one morning I must have addressed five different seminaries, finishing with a meeting for the six hundred students in the great College Hall. An afternoon meeting was also convened in the Seminary; the professors and teachers of the various educational institutes, together with the theological students, forming a noble and inspiring assembly. But the greatest opportunities of all were the three great evening services in the church. These were among the supreme hours of my life, and would have amply repaid me if I had crossed the ocean for nothing else.

Professor Hofmeyr is one of "the grand old men" of the Dutch Reformed Church, and, indeed, of South Africa. Here, in the midst of the wine-growing district, for thirty years he has stood for Total Abstinence; and though in the early days his principles cost him dearly, so much so that people refused to attend his Church or take the Communion from his hand, he is now universally respected; and many who most strenuously opposed him honour him greatly for his fidelity to conscience. He has a charming personality, is the hero and friend of the young people, and wields an almost unique influence over the town which has been the scene of his useful and honourable career.

Wellington.

This picturesque town, like the rest, has a most charming situation. To the east stands a range of lofty mountains, always rich in colour, and changing in the varying aspects of the day. Around, the land is covered with vineyards. Groves of fruit trees enclosing the pretty homes, arum lilies growing wild in great patches of purity, lilacs and peach-trees aflame with colour, the exquisite freshness of the green foliage, the blue sky, brilliant sunshine, murmuring brooklets, combine to make one of the fairest of settings for a Convention that mind of man can conceive.

It was much to see Dr. Murray in his home, to sit with him under his stoep, to eat at his table, pray in his study, and have his presence beside me at the meetings. More than eighty summers have passed over his head, leaving him ripe and mellow. His mind is alert and strong, his eye clear and penetrating, his natural force wonderfully vigorous when one takes into account the pain and lameness consequent on the accident of years ago, his voice strong and resonant. Retired from the pressure of Church work, in which he has ministered for thirty-five years, he is spending his last days carefully tended by his daughters and surrounded by the

THE HUGUENOT COLLEGE, WELLINGTON.

magnificent institutions he has founded, prolific in their teeming life, and their perennial yield of love and joy.

Foremost among these is the Huguenot College. Dr. Murray describes himself as "a disciple of Mary Lyon." It was the perusal of her life-story that suggested to him the desirability of laying the foundations of the higher Christian training for women which is characteristic alike of Northfield and Wellington. His ideals have been superbly realised by the co-operation of two splendid women, whose names will always shine in the history of the sub-continent—Miss Ferguson and Miss Bliss. The two principal buildings bear their names. Here also is the College where students of both sexes graduate in mathematics, science, and classics, the Normal Training College, the Missionary Institute, and the High School. The missionary flame burns bright in the veteran's heart. He is constantly looking out on the great heathen world and speaking of its needs. . . . "One hundred millions of heathen now in the dark, two-thirds of the world without Christ." . . . "God will be true to His part of the bargain, but we must be to ours. *I* will give power, but *ye* are to be witnesses." . . . "Suppose that Cape Town made a contract with a gas lighting company to light all the

streets, and that in six months they lit only a few, whilst the bulk of the city remained in darkness, what would be said? There is only one city where that takes place—the city of God." . . . "If you cannot go to the heathen, you can *live* for them." Just before I reached Wellington he had inaugurated an important Layman's Missionary movement, and, after my departure, was contemplating the holding of several missionary conferences, with the object of stirring up the Dutch Reformed Church to greater missionary efforts. Certainly her rapid advance in missionary enterprises during the last few years is perfectly marvellous.

The ministers taking part in the convention, of the Church of England, the Wesleyan, Presbyterian, and Dutch Reformed Churches, asked me to preside over the meetings of the convention, and our fellowship became very intimate and hearty. The spirit on the platform realised the motto, suspended overhead, "All one in Christ Jesus." Several times prayer was offered by the Dutch ministers in their own language. The tide ran very high. My old friend Rev. Walter Searle writes: "Those of us who have been associated with our Wellington conventions for many years praise God for what has been one of the most remarkable we have ever attended."

Each morning, before classes and lectures began, I addressed a mass meeting comprising the students and young people, who filled the Town Hall from end to end. It was an imposing sight to look down on that sea of young, intelligent faces, as on four successive mornings I spoke of the length, the breadth, the height, and the depth of the Beautiful City of a consistent character, founded on precious gems, and irradiate with the presence of Christ. Their singing was very moving, as they rendered with culture and feeling the fresh hymns and tunes which Mr. Frank Huskisson taught us from his choice selection.

The great day of the Feast was the Sunday, when I preached afternoon and evening to fifteen or sixteen hundred people from Dr. Murray's old pulpit. It was very sacred ground. A holy hush fell on the people as Dr. Murray commenced the evening service with prayer. "We felt," says one, "as though a benediction fell on us whilst we listened to that prayer; but how frail he seemed! A thin, lined face, spare form, long grey hair, attenuated hands grasping the red velvet cushion in front. It was a pathetic picture—the picture of a prophet of a past generation."

An after-meeting was fixed for the Goodnow Hall, and the congregation poured out in

streams to attend it. As we hurried through the crowded streets, beneath the brilliant stars, the solemn and awe-inspiring music of the grand old hymns and tunes of the Dutch Church rang in our memory; but it was still more solemn and awe-inspiring to stand in the crowded meeting and discover that, with the exception of twenty, the entire audience was prepared to acclaim Christ as King and Saviour; and the twenty had acknowledged His claims ere they left the place. Some of these gave their glad testimony at the closing meeting on the following morning, in texts of Scripture.

The Paarle.

Imagine a long, straight street, lined with old-world Dutch homes, standing back from the roadway, with a lofty mountain range behind it, and a valley stretching to the foot of another mountain ten miles distant, and you have the Paarle, or Pearl, so called from the glistening splendour of the mountain crest in certain lights. Dr. Murray drove over with us from Wellington and remained for the two days of meetings. They were very delightful and inspiring gatherings which he addressed two or three times with much power, corroborating statements I had made.

We were the guests of our dear friends Rev. P. G. Meiring and his charming wife at the Dutch manse. I trust that he will forgive my quoting from his gracious farewell letter: "Your departure left a huge void in our home. We had during weeks been looking forward to your stay with us, and it had become almost part of our daily thought. The reality so far exceeded even our expectations, that when it was all over, we felt that we had been robbed of a great treasure. . . . There are thousands in our land who are thanking God that you have been here, and who have received fresh light on the problems of life." The minister of the other Dutch Church was also extremely kind; and that Church, in my judgment, is clearly the most beautiful edifice that I visited in South Africa. The style of these Dutch Churches is yielding to the changing spirit of the time; but in most respects the theology, singing, and ritual are as they were a hundred years ago. The Dutch ministers impressed on me their dread of the intrusion into their flocks of the laxity of modern life and the loose manner in which Europeans observe Sunday. This largely accounts for the attitude which is maintained in many instances towards the British. Probably racial differences are partly accountable for this, but, perhaps more than we

appreciate, the Dutchman clings to the old ways of his fathers, and desires to exclude the impact of the oncoming tides of this revolutionising age.

It is clearly in the Divine plan, that these two great races should live together on the same soil and under the same sky; and it is highly important, therefore, that the Christian Churches of each should draw close together; that national asperities may be softened, and the bonds of union strengthened. It is for this reason that Church Councils are so invaluable, providing, as they do, a common meeting-ground, and the base of concerted action.

CHAPTER XV

A GREAT MORAL VICTORY

DURING the latter weeks of our stay in South Africa, I witnessed one of the most extraordinary conflicts that has come within my personal knowledge. From the next day after my landing a long conversation with a well-known statesman convinced me that the sale of liquor to natives was the burning question in the wine districts, of which the Paarl and Stellenbosch are the centres. But I could not forecast its rapid and unexpected development.

In 1898 the Rose Innes Bill passed the Houses of Legislature, enacting that in Cape Colony the District Licensing Courts might affix conditions and restrictions on the sale of liquor to all natives, unless they were registered voters. A large and increasing number of these courts, which though autocratic largely reflect the opinion of the surrounding

district, have availed themselves of this option, and have imposed such restrictions, the only exception being in respect to natives who obtain a permit from a doctor or magistrate.

Against these restrictions on the sale of their commodities the wine farmers have strenuously protested. They are unable to find a market for their wines and brandies in Europe, and they clamour that facilities shall be given for a practically open door, so far as the native populations of South Africa are concerned. They argue that the wine industry was established by the old Huguenots, who, when they were expelled from France, brought to South Africa the Bible in one hand and the vine-stock in the other. They claim that the revenues derived from the wine industry have been employed for the extension of the kingdom of Christ, not only in South Africa but throughout the Mission Field. They urge, further, that while natives are able to make Kaffir beer for themselves, there is no object in preventing them from obtaining wine and brandy. It is the abuse of these things, they say, and not their legitimate use, that is to be deprecated.

On these grounds the wine farmers urge that their industry is a righteous national asset, and as for a long time they have been unable to dispose of their annual produce, to say nothing

of their heavy stocks, they ask that new markets shall be opened to them. It has been urged on the other side that they should produce grape-syrup, or export grapes for the table, or manufacture a better class of wine, as Mr. Merriman has done. But they find it hard to change the methods which have been handed down from father to son through successive generations. No, they say, give us new markets for our wines; and on being asked where these markets are to be found, they point to the 1,000,000 natives now protected by the Innes Act, saying, "Withdraw that Act, and give us liberty to sell to these native populations and we shall be content." They have already the right to sell to the 80,000 coloured people and to registered voters, but this does not satisfy them, and they press loudly, and even vehemently, for a completely open market.

The difficulty is further complicated by the fact that the South African grape is not suitable for producing light wines, because it contains too much sugar; and the more sugar the more alcohol, just as the more alcohol the more drunkenness. The average amount of alcohol in Kaffir beer is somewhat less than the average in the lightest German beer, and may be put at 7·19 per cent. But the Cape wines average 25 per cent. of proof spirit, and sometimes

range up to 35 per cent. and over. The imported French and German wines contain only 18 or 19 per cent. of proof spirit, so that Cape light wines are half as heavy again. And those who have any experience of the susceptible temperament of the Kaffirs need no words to depict the awful consequences that must ensue when such an alcoholised beverage is placed within their reach. They cannot drink it in moderation; and when they taste alcoholic liquor of such potency all the worst passions of their nature break from control, and men are changed into raving beasts. It is useless to argue from the civilised man to the half-civilised savage. One of the elementary principles which must be conceded, prior to the formulation of any laws or regulations, is that the native cannot handle alcohol as some Europeans can. With him it is all or none.

What the effect of the removal of restrictions on the native populations would be is apparent when one studies the outcome of an old standing and quite habitual custom on the part of the agricultural farmers. They are in the habit of supplying free wine rations to their coloured labourers, from six to seven times a day. Lads ten to twelve years of age are thus inoculated with the drink-crave; and it increases until a man will consume from 1½ to 2 quart bottles

a day. Such large potations of wine, which is often of a very inferior quality, must set up before long an irresistible appetite, and it becomes impossible for its victim to remain without his wine for a single day. He is only in the farmer's employ from Monday to Saturday, and being unable to exist without it on the seventh day, he must provide it for himself. The lowest quantity that the farmer is allowed to sell is two gallons, or twelve bottles, which can be purchased from 2s. to 2s. 6d. Thus the labourers provide themselves with twelve bottles of wine each for the Sabbath Day ; and one can easily picture the consequences in their miserable homes, the quarrels and fights ensuing, besides the irresistible temptation to drink presented to their wives and little children. *I do not for a moment charge the farmers with the premeditated and intentional causing of these terrible evils.* From one point of view they are detrimental to their own interests, because the poor debauched creatures are unfit to work on the following Monday morning. All I am attempting is to show that, under the impression that they are perpetuating a permissible and even laudable custom, these employers are really perpetrating enormous wrongs on the hapless creatures whom drink is destroying—both body and soul. And my argument is that

if such consequences ensue with the *coloured* people, and in the farms of professedly religious (though, as I think, misguided) men, what will not the condition of towns and locations become if the *natives* also are exposed to the same irresistible temptations? The Report of the South African Native Affairs Commission is abundantly justified when it says: "The native is constitutionally incapable of being a moderate drinker, and he must either abstain entirely or the chances are that he will drink to excess; and when in drink all the failings of his nature assert themselves."

When, therefore, the Duval Bill was introduced, the object of which was to allow natives to purchase drink, on condition of their obtaining a permit from their employer, and affirming that no local vote should be able to close the drink shops under so many hours per diem, its proposals aroused extreme opposition. Mr. Thomas Searle and a number of like-minded friends fought them throughout a memorable all-night sitting, and ultimately they were withdrawn.

Still the cry for new markets continued. Not only were the wine farmers in trouble, but the brandy farmers also. The kind of brandy they produce is almost entirely "dop" brandy. When the grape-juice has been duly

strained off for wine, water is added to the remaining stems and dregs ("dop"), and these are distilled. This liquor, called "dop" brandy, contains all the grosser substances of the grape and is very harmful. Of late years it has become a drug on the market, and in 1904 an appeal was made to the Government for assistance. It was finally agreed, without a division, that the Government should open bonded warehouses for storing this "dop" brandy, and advances up to £14 per 127 gallons were made to the distillers. This cost the Government £150,000, and the brandy is stored in their possession at Worcester. What will be done with it? This measure, however, clearly furnished only a temporary relief.

When the Bond Party came into power recently, on the fall of the Jameson Government, it became almost certain that Mr. Merriman would make an attempt to satisfy his supporters by some concession, and no one was absolutely surprised when at the end of August, in the last days of the Session, he introduced a Bill "to provide for the granting of licenses for the sale of light wines." The gist of the measure was that for an annual payment of £5, any grocer, restaurant, or tavern might sell light wines, *i.e.*, wines that contained not more than 25 per cent. of alcohol.

In an incredibly short time the whole Colony was flaming with beacon-fires, and all societies and individuals that espoused the cause of Temperance and stood for the highest moral interests of the people were hurrying to arms. There is not as yet a general federation of *all* the Evangelical Councils, which would co-ordinate an agitation throughout the entire Colony, but in this case the movement was as consentaneous as if it had been organised from one centre. Away at Grahamstown they were demonstrating against Mr. Merriman's proposals as vehemently as in Cape Town. Everywhere the various organisations of Temperance women were afoot. Many of the ministers of the Dutch Reformed Church, though with less demonstration, exerted themselves in the same direction. I felt the profoundest sympathy for many of these, because whilst they felt, as strongly as any could, the unwisdom and unrighteousness of the wholesale sale of wine, it was impossible to take the field without coming into collision with many of the most responsible and generous supporters of their Church. It is easy for outsiders to criticise their apparent reticence, but we must put ourselves in their positions; we must remember the attitude of the primitive Church to the abuses and evils of the Roman

Empire; we must admit that the best way of alluring men from small, unhealthy, and unlovely homes is to give them visions of something better, or, if possible, offer them dwellings of the best and latest type. But the following paragraph in a leading newspaper, which appeared towards the end of the conflict, afforded me intense gratification: "We are informed that on Saturday last there was forwarded to the Prime Minister a strong protest against the Light Wine Licenses Bill. The document was signed by all the principal ministers of the Dutch Reformed Church in the Cape peninsula, and referred to the manner in which the Government was overriding the expressed wishes of the Church regarding the Bill." (*Cape Times*, September 10, 1908.) Until that moment some of the members of the Legislature felt at liberty to disregard the dictates of reason and conscience, and vote for the Bill becoming law, on the ground that the leading ministers of their Church had raised no voice against it. But directly this paragraph was published the fate of Mr. Merriman's proposals was sealed. It must always be so. When the Church of Christ dares to put aside all questions of self-interest and to take her stand on the eternal principles of His kingdom, nothing can stand

against her, for she appeals to the sense of right in every man's breast and to the eternal order which underlies human society.

One of the most prominent leaders in the great uprising of the moral and religious forces against the Government was Mrs. Stakesby-Lewis, to whose prayers, anguish of soul, appeals, addresses, and efforts the ultimate success of the opposition was very largely due. She is one of the noble Schreiner family, and has spent her life for the defence of the native races against the vices of our civilisation, and specially strong drink. Her career has been a perfect romance. When yet a girl she declaimed for three hours, in the Dutch language, of which she had but a very partial knowledge, against the manufacture of wines and spirits to a great concourse of wine farmers. She has been the life and soul of the True Templar Order, with its twelve thousand native members, and wrote out its ritual with her own hand. She has addressed meetings in most of the wine districts, pouring out her heart in passionate utterances. Some complain that she has spoken too passionately, but when a woman sees the wrongs which strong drink is inflicting on the innocent and defenceless it is difficult for her to speak deliberately and calmly. For my part, I think

that we must not undervalue or depreciate the other servants of the one Master. Each has a specific work and a special gift. We need the boiler and condenser equally with the long, cold lines of steel, or we shall make no headway.

It is not necessary to describe the enormous crowds that thronged the biggest halls in Cape Town and demonstrated in the public places, or the manœuvres to which the Government resorted to save themselves from defeat, or the magnificent service rendered by the Press to the cause of morality and Temperance. The Bill passed its second reading in the Lower House by the narrow majority of seven; but when it came under discussion in the Upper House the Premier realised that it was useless to persist, and, to the relief of the immense majority of the people, the Bill was withdrawn.

I narrate this story because it revealed the heart of the people, and proved that under the surface the moral instincts of the nation are true. There is much to discourage, much to disconcert, but the whole heart is not sick nor the whole head faint. There are yet the seven thousand that will not bow their knees to wrong, and these are laying the foundations of a new heaven and a new earth in that sunny land.

CHAPTER XVI

THE VOYAGE HOME, AND FINAL IMPRESSIONS

MY tour concluded with a week of meetings in Cape Town, the evening ones being held in the great Dutch church, with the fraternal sympathy and help of Pastors Steytler, Albertyn, and Joubert, amongst many others. We had fine audiences there, and in the Central Wesleyan Church, and one in the City Hall, under the presidency of the mayor, who spoke most kindly and sympathetically. On these and an almost unending series of Council meetings, receptions, over-tea conferences, and personal interviews it is needless to dilate. They served their purpose, and I trust are bearing fruit. If so, they are written on a more enduring material than this. I can only thank once more the loyal friends and helpers who co-operated in so many ways, and notably the

indefatigable and courteous President of the Church Council, Mr. Babbs.

Our voyage home in the *Briton*, of the Castle Line, was of the pleasantest description. Lovely weather, calm seas, and delightful companionships, together with a courteous captain and attentive officers and crew, all contributed their quota; but the pleasantest ingredient of that happy, restful voyage was the memory of the many new friends who had come into our lives —the thought of whom was as fragrant as the flowers and as refreshing as the fruits with which they filled our rooms.

The following resolution is a "letter of commendation" such as the Apostle did not desire but an ordinary man is grateful for: "It is resolved that the grateful thanks of this Council [*The Cape Town and District Evangelical Church Council*] be given to the National Federation in allowing Mr. Meyer to visit South Africa at the present time. The Council records with much gratitude that the services which were rendered by Mr. Meyer to all branches of Christian work in this land have been singularly owned by God, and afforded a great spiritual uplift, which we pray may continue. We gratefully acknowledge the deep interest evinced by him in the many problems which beset us at this time, and his earnest

desire for the progress of the work of God in South Africa. The Evangelical Churches throughout the country bear testimony to the value of his counsel and advice, so graciously given in all departments of Christian work, and the Cape Town Council desires to share to the fullest extent in the appreciation of the help and stimulus afforded by his visit."

My final impressions may be summed up in a few closing sentences. It is a glorious country, and the weather was perfect, making it a joy to live. . . . The travelling is most comfortable, restaurant-cars on the long-distance trains, and if the pace is leisurely, one at least has time to enjoy the magnificent scenery and the glimpses of native life. . . . The times have been hard, but there are unmistakable signs of commercial revival. . . . Water alone is needed to render certain districts extremely fertile and productive; but already great efforts are afoot for sinking wells, damming streams, and building reservoirs, and the attention of statesmen and agriculturists is being focussed in these directions. . . The native is no more to be judged by the specimens furnished in the locations, where he has become contaminated by the worst features of our civilisation, than Great Britain should be judged by her derelicts. . . . For centuries the native custom was the free

discussion of everything pertaining to the communal life; and to withhold opportunities of deliberative assembly produces uneasiness and a sense of injustice; permit them to debate their own matters, with the further right of making direct representations to the governing race, and a vast amount of friction will cease. . . . Education apart from religion is perilous and to be deprecated. There is no use in this world for clever prigs. Surely a third part of education should be in the direction of industrial training. . . . The work of the missionaries is of priceless worth; many of them are statesmen as well as evangelists, and their views on native matters should be weighed by their countrymen. . . . The Churches at Home must send out their most cultured and eloquent ministers to South Africa. It is our brightest lads and girls that go out to our colonies, and they must be *held*. . . . The wiser policy is to erect churches on a generous scale, and when the congregation is gathered of the better type than would be attracted by a school-room or mission hall, it will gradually add the necessary appurtenances. . . . Leave the blending of British and Dutch races alone, without trying to force the pace; the marriage service is going to settle that matter. . . . We have duties as well as rights; and in proportion as we perform the

former the latter will be conceded. It is our duty to screen the natives and the coloured people from strong drink. . . . It is our duty to see that the locations are provided with good water, with light, efficient police control, and proper sanitation. . . . It is a terrible misfortune that the Anglican clergy should, to so large an extent, stand aloof from co-operation with the Church Councils. For the life of me I cannot understand how association with their religiously minded fellow-citizens could invalidate their testimony or hurt their Church. . . . Of course, if the Anglican and Dutch Reformed ministers and laymen would join, it must be tacitly understood that no party politics or sectional matters should be allowed to intrude, but only those subjects which involve common action for the welfare of the community.

So I close my reminiscences. I trust that I have given a truthful representation of the questions which have come under my notice. It would greatly pain me if any of my remarks should wound those who treated us with such courtesy and generosity. Perhaps prudence would have withheld me from handling some subjects and from expressing my judgment on others. It may be that I lay myself open to the charge of egotism or presumption in presuming

to discuss South African questions at all, after so brief a residence in the country. Be it so; I bow to the rebuke; but life is short, and one craves for the chance of contributing towards the solution of those great questions which are taxing all thoughtful colonials.

For thousands of miles by land and sea we have travelled without accident or alarm. I have been able to keep every appointment. And I hope that the door may be open to me when, at some future time, I again catch sight of Table Mountain rising out of the level sea.

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